

# SPECIAL HARVEST-FESTIVAL NUMBER

# THE WAR & CRY

TORONTO SEPT, 21, 1901

This man does  
not give  
anything to the poor.

This man gives  
his share  
regularly.



"He which soweth sparingly shall reap sparingly: and he which soweth bountifully shall reap bountifully. Every man according as he purporeth in his heart, so let him give: not grudgingly, or of necessity: for God loveth a cheerful giver. II Cor. ix. 6, 7.

HOLY BIBLE

ALTAR

HARVEST FESTIVAL  
THE LORD'S SUPPER

THANKS OFFERING  
TO  
SAVE THE OUTCASTS  
RESCUE THE FALLEN  
HELP THE HELPLESS

"Will a man rob GOD? Yet ye rob me. But ye say, Wherein have we robbed thee? In tithes and offerings. Ye are cursed with a curse for ye rob me, even this whole nation. Because there may be some of you that say, We will not open our windows to throw the tithes and offerings into the storehouse, because we will eat and be full, and we will not see the need of the poor. And I will rebuke the devourer, he shall not destroy the seed, and he shall not destroy the fruit of your seed, and he shall not destroy the fruit of your ground, neither shall your vine bear fruit before the time, nor the field yield increase, because ye have despised my law, saith the LORD. And I will send a famine upon the land, I will send and shall destroy the seed, and I will destroy the fruit of your ground, and I will destroy the fruit of your vine, and I will destroy the fruit of your field, because ye have despised my law, saith the LORD."

THEY ARE BEGGING AGAIN  
I CAN'T GET ENOUGH FOR MY  
SELF & FAMILY LET ALONE OTHERS

THE LORD SHALL HAVE HIS  
PORTION FROM ME.

Geo. P. Semple.

apparent, in a few years, throughout the Province.

"Liberty Home," 739 Chandler St., Spokane, Wash., U.S.A.  
 "Mercy Home," 2201 Fernby St., Vancouver, B.C.  
 "Deborah Hall," Workin' Women's Home, 11 St. Modeste St.  
 Montreal, P.Q.

... ..

1. Montreal, P.

"Liberty Home," 703 Chandler St., Spokane, Wash., U.S.A.  
 "Mercy Home," 2241 Penderby St., Vancouver, B.C.  
 "Dorothy Hall," Workin': Women's Home, 11 St. Modigne St.  
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 Montreal, P.Q.

## WANTED! LABORERS FOR THE HARVEST

By ENSIGN J. PARKER.



## The Spirit of a Sanctified Soul.

By ADJT. KENDALL.

"Thy people shall be willing in the day of Thy power."—Ps. cx. 3.

"Then the people rejoiced, for that they offered willingly, because with perfect heart they offered many willingly to the Lord; and David rejoiced with great joy."—I. Chro. xxx. 9.

**W**E have a great amount of preaching and teaching on holiness in these days, also holiness testimony. Yet, how few people seem to have the real, genuine experience. It has been strongly impressed upon my mind, for some time, the real evidence of a sanctified soul is a hearty obedience to God, and a genuine willingness to perform any duty to man or grasp every opportunity for the advancement of God's Kingdom. I think it is all summed up in the latter.

Under the strongest test, if it moves to suffer, there shall not be a kick, or a flinch in us. If this is so we have the spirit of Jesus Christ. The religion of Jesus Christ means hearty obedience. It is not a question whether they shall be willing, but the Holy Ghost says, "They shall be willing." Another glorious fact about these people that offered willingly, there was great rejoicing. Praise God! the company of such people makes you feel that heaven is not far off.

But those people who are unwilling, condemnation rests upon them—there is no shining, no shouting, no brilliant testimonies; often much grumbling, much finding fault, much neglecting meetings, and a withdrawing of their offerings to God's work; in fact, a general hindrance to the work.

We find proper examples for officers, leaders, and soldiers in the willing workers of Nebemlah's time (Neh. iv. 17). They that builded on the wall, and they that bear burdens, with those that indeed, everyone with one of his hands wrought in the work, and with the other hand held a weapon.

Oh, it is like heaven to work among such people. They are always willing to jump into the gaps, grasp every opportunity for doing good—the love of Christ compels them to do so. Oh, for Jesus Christ's sake, let us be practical, in these days of so much carnalism, so much lukewarmness, shallow experiences, so much outward piety. This unwillingness makes people backbones; no dependence can be put in them. When you think you have got them with you, they're gone—got in the dumps, or some such place.

The question was asked one time (a man and his wife) why it was that he and his wife never got along together. Well, he said, when he had the glory, his wife had the dumps; and when he had the dumps, his wife had the glory. I think these days it is more dumps than glory. Let us offer more willingly, then there will be great joy. Our songs will be songs of victory. Then they shall see, and flow together; thy heart shall fear, and be enlarged; but the Lord shall arise upon thee, and His glory shall be seen upon thee. Then the eyes of the blind shall be opened, and the ears of the deaf shall be unstopped; then shall the lame man leap as an hart, and the tongue of the dumb shall sing, for in the wilderness waters shall break out, and streams in the desert.

Oh, when we have the baptism of the Holy Ghost we are willing.

In the day of Thy power Thy people shall be willing. Mighty things are done through willing people by God. Let me quote a grand truth from Mrs. General Booth: "Get hold of God, ask Him to baptize you with His Spirit until the zeal of His house enters you up."

Thy Spirit will burn His way through all obstacles of flesh and

**A**BOOK appeared some years ago, by the renowned Prof. Drummond, entitled, "Natural Law in the Spiritual World." We suppose few have read it without being impressed with the practical lessons set forth therein, and how well the writer has shown the parallel he started out to make plain to those who cared to bend their energies to the taking in of the truths set forth. Truly, God is not a contradiction. The more we see of Him in natural and spiritual spheres, the more plainly it is revealed that one and the same spirit operates in both. Jesus does not use a myth or an impossibility, or an absurdity to illustrate His lessons. Doing it would defeat the very end He aimed at, viz., making plain to human understanding spiritual truths by natural parallels. He points to the sheep, and says, "I am the Good Shepherd" to the hen, and says, "As a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings." To the fields He points and says, "Pray ye the Lord of the harvest that He may send forth laborers into His harvest."

Now, it is upon this word, "laborers," I would like to speak for a little

to add that a laborer is not a man who finds fault with the overseer, workmen, and all else, and stands with his hands in his pockets, telling how much better he would command the work if he were only given half a chance.

No, no, no! A thousand no's! These are not the kind of people Jesus wants at all—write it large, so he who runs may read—Jesus wants

## People Who Do Something.

Go to the harvest fields. See the men who rise early and toil late. See that one, in old-fashioned style, wield the reaping hook. See the one in the backwoods country swing the heavy cradle while sweet rolls down in streams. See the one on the finer farm and rolling prairie, as through weary hours he drives sweat-drenched horses. See the sturdy, rough-clothed host as they gather up the precious sheaves. See these men, as with giant strength, they hurl the sheaves into the cart and thence to the storehouse, safe at last. These are the men who accomplish much. 'Tis their brawny arms that feed the world. Yes, yes, 'tis those who bend their back to the toll who make it possible for the listless one to even exist, these



The flowers.

time, and perhaps the meaning can be best brought out by speaking first of

## What a Laborer is Not.

We might first say that a laborer is not a mere theorizer. Theories may be very fine, but they do not cut the golden grain, nor lead the sheep, nor gather into the storehouse. A man may advance a fine theory while he sits in a cool parlor, eating ice-cream, on a hot day, but it takes something different to put the wheat in the barn.

2nd. A laborer is not a man who merely approves of the actions of others in getting in the harvest. Many admire the noble fellows who bear the burden and heat of the day, and would gladly supply them with some cooling refreshment, speak of them in the highest terms, and so forth. All very good in its place, but even this alone would leave the grain rotting on the fields. It is nearly as vain as the method of the first class spoken of.

3rd. A laborer is not merely a man who is very fond of good bread to eat. Most people enjoy this; even the laziest tramp enjoys a slice of the loaf fresh from the oven of the skilled baker; and many a so-called Christian just as much enjoys the fruit of the toil of someone else, in good measure, prosperous times in the church, or the Salvation Army; but, as the Lord liveth, this is not the character whom Jesus designated laborer, and whom He said would gather fruit unto eternal life.

4th. It is hardly necessary for me

men who, in spite of a scorching sun at noonday, or weary limbs at eventide, toil on. Verily I say unto you, they have their reward.

## These are the Kind of Men Jesus Wants

sent into His harvest, and of everyone who is not thus laboring in the harvest of God, I ask, "Will you thus give yourself to the labor, and toil, and heat of the day?" There is a call sounding through the earth; heaven is watching and waiting. From the burning sands of India, from China's millions, from Africa's blood-drenched veldt, from the slums and saloon of so-called higher civilization, from millions of weary, sin-cursed souls, goes up a cry to God. God sends it back upon the people who profess to be His, "Give ye room to eat."

## God Wants Laborers.

Not kid-gloved, slimping, nervous creatures, ready to run at the first thunder peal. Not those who must run home to the shady nook, and the hammock on the lawn when the glass marks 90° in the shade; but people in sympathy with Jesus Christ, the Great Laborer Who said, "My Father worketh hitherto, and I work." Laborers ready for the toll, and the sweat, and the heat; not people whose love, if analyzed, would show 85% simply of want-to-go-to-heaven-with-me, but laborers! laborers! laborers! O Thou Lord of the harvest, do Thou send forth laborers into the harvest. Amen!

blood, of forms, propitities, and respectabilities, of death and rottenness of all descriptions! He will burn His way through, and produce living and telling result in the hearts of those to whom you speak. Earnestness—such earnestness that it comes to desperation—like that of Paul's, who counted all things but dross; yea, who counted not his life dear unto him. That was the secret.

Ah, that is it, killed out, all that is worldly, all that is selfish, destroyed out of our natures, all alive to God; to the holiness of holiness, we worship Him, not in form, but in power; not a profession, but a passion. Then we are willing through the constraining love of Jesus.

Reader, are you there? If not, you can be. Drop on your knees and claim it. It is for all. Praise God!



## III.—THE GERMANS.

## CHAPTER XI.

Konrad III. .... 1137-1152

Heinrich the Proud fully expected to have been chosen King of the Romans, but he had offended most of his party, even the Pope himself, and Konrad was elected. There was a battle between Konrad and Heinrich's brother, Welf, at the foot of Weinsberg, a hill crowned with a castle, on the banks of the Neckar, and in this "Welf" and "Waibling" were first used as war-cries. The victory fell to Konrad, and he besieged the castle until those within offered to surrender. All the men were to be made prisoners, but the women were to go away in peace, with as much of her treasure as she could carry. All Konrad's army was drawn up to leave free passage for the ladies, the Emperor at their head, when, behold, a wonderful procession came down the hill. Each woman carried on her back her greatest treasure—husband, son, father, or brother! Some were angry at this as a trick; but Konrad was touched, granted safety to all, and not only gave freedom to the men, but gave the women back to fetch the wealth they had left behind. The hill was called Weltribune, or Woman's Truth; and in 1820 Charlotte, Queen of Wurtemberg, with the other ladies of Germany, built an asylum there for poor women who have been noted for self-sacrificing acts of love. Heinrich the Proud was reduced, and his two dukedoms taken away. Evaria, being given to Leopold, Margrave of Austria, and the castle of Albrecht the Bear, already Count of the Borders; but when Heinrich died, Konrad gave back Saxony to his son, Heinrich the Lion, and Albrecht the Bear became Margrave of a new border county beyond Saxony, Brandenburg, which he conquered from the Wends.

Germany had had little to do with the first crusade as a nation, though the noble and excellent Duke of Bouillon, Duke of Lorraine, had been its leader, and first King of Jerusalem. But when St. Bernard preached the second crusade, Konrad took the cross, and went with an army of 70,000 men. They went by way of Constantinople, and in the wild hills of Asia Minor were led astray by their guides, starved and distressed, and when the Turks set upon them at Iconium, there was such a slaughter that only 7,000 were left. Konrad went on and joined the host of King Louis V. of France at Nicaea, almost alone, save for the knights from Provence who had joined the French army, and whom Louis sent to form a train for their own Emperor. Together they landed at Antioch and besieged Damascus, where Konrad showed great valor, and was said to have cut off the head and arm of a Turk with one blow of his sword. But they could not take the city, and disgusted with the falsehood and treachery of the dwellers in the Holy Land, Konrad returned home, and died three years after, in 1152. He was the first Kaiser who used the double eagle as his standard.

## HARVEST GIFTS.

By COLONEL JACOBS.



IF the thank-offerings given to God through the Salvation Army are in keeping with the bountiful harvest, then the results of this year's Harvest Festival effort will, without doubt, be a record-breaker. The farmer is a great man, not given to boasting or being over-cautious, "How are the crops?" with something like, "Very fair." They might be worse," or "Not too bad." Now, since "words are only something to express ideas," the idea here expressed is that he has had a splendid harvest. Report informs us that the grain is nearly all safe, the dangers that threatened have passed away, and with it the anxious hours of suspense.

Harvest results affect all classes: if the harvest is poor, the whole country is the poorer for it. We are all dependent on the fruit of the ground, yet we are in danger of forgetting this, thinking that it is the farmer only who should be thankful, and consequently forget our obligations of gratitude to God, taking His blessings as a matter of course. This should not be so.

## God Expects an Offering.

What it shall be, let each one decide for themselves. In making your decision, let it be something of value. Remember it is for God. The gift must be in keeping with the person it is presented to. Beware of giving that which costs nothing, or something which neither your cattle nor children can eat, thinking the Lord ought to be greatly obliged to them for it.

Whenever we speak of giving, most people think it means giving money, and money only. This is a great error. We do mean money, but not money only. It is only a medium of exchange, which we can put to good use, changing dollars into pearls, dust of the filth and dirt of sin, and presented to the King for His glory. Our Lord teaches this lesson in His comments on the unjust steward. I hope, however, you are not going to pass by this thanksgiving week with simply offering the Lord a dollar.

The gift that God requires, above all others, is yourself. Not simply a determination to be better than the future, not only the satisfaction for past heroes and martyrs, nor merely sympathy with the Kingdom of God, and the Salvation Army, not a feeling that you are called upon to patronize all good things. Neither desires God that you should consecrate to His service the gift to argue on non-sensational theories of theology (which, said to say, is often passed off as Christian work). I am strongly of the opinion that the old carnal nature is very fond of this kind of superficial giving to God, which is really doing religion! to the devil, and all hell, rejoices at the decision. No, what God wants

## Is Yourself.

It should be easy to make people understand this. It certainly is not hard to say, but, oh! so difficult to get the real conception of this truth into the heart and mind on account of those pre-conceived false notions.

Let me explain further. God has put in all men the same talents, but He does expect of His followers to be workers. This is contrary to the idea of present-day Christianity, which appears to teach that only a few are called to work for God, while the rest are called to be idle, to eat, drink, and sleep. Let me give one or two instances how all classes can work for God:

(1) Here may be a man that has the ability to make money, but does not possess the qualifications neces-

sary for an Army officer. If he gives himself to God, he will make all the money that is possible, and give it to save souls, realizing that it is not his money, although it may be in his name, but he considers himself only God's steward, and not the proprietor. His concern as steward is to put His Master's money where it will bring the best results for eternity. This man, although he may be called a business man, if working on these principles, will be found doing all he can, by other acts, for the salvation of souls.

(2) Here is another man (and when we say a man we mean also a woman), after doing sufficient manual labor or secular work to supply his temporal needs, has other time which could be spent in direct work for God. Without working for temporal needs, he would not be able to work for God; therefore, working for the bread that perisheth, in his case, is working for God. If, however, after working to supply his temporal needs, he does not work for God, the case is altogether different, for then he is brought down to the level of the



Gathering Flowers In Youth.

The Industrious Reapers.

Gathering Sticks In Old Age.

horse, which does a day's work, then eats his oats and rests.

How does he spend his spare time? Simply amusing himself in a way which, while not altogether sinful, is wasting it; or has he joined some religious club for the same purpose? If so, he has not given God his life. Our life implies our time. Just on this point there is considerable misunderstanding. A report comes that an attempt has been made to take the life of one of our friends; it does not prove fatal. We are told his life has not been taken. Apparently our informant forgets that it will take three months before our friend is sufficiently well to resume his work for God, and as "time is the stuff that life is made of," three months of this material has been destroyed; the person who caused the three months to be wasted is a murderer to that extent. Then there is the person who, by their own act, puts an end to their life before it would otherwise take place; it may be only one day. That person is a self-murderer. Exactly the same can be said of a person who, by their own act, wastes or kills time, the stuff that life is made of. The only difference being the former does it with one act, the latter does it with many; it is done every time he destroys the time which God has put at his disposal for salvation work. It is, therefore, not possible to give yourself without giving your time. The two imply the same thing.

(3) If you have given yourself to God, you will work where you can accomplish most for Him. The crying need is workers, not possible to give days when our Saviour was upon earth, and said, "The harvest is great, but the laborers are few."

What a transformation scene there would be in the Salvation Army, if every person who came under its teaching and influence, worked in the

same manner they know they ought to. Cromwell, in addressing Parliament, in 1644, of the re-organizing of the army, referring to his warriors, said, "You may lay upon them what commands you please; they will obey your commands in that cause they fight for." The great King of Kings expected His warriors to obey His commands and fight. If this was done, thousands would be enlisted as active soldiers to-day. They would be saying, "Let me fight; let me bear some responsibility in pulling sinners out of the fire! Let me fight with the Juniors; I will undertake to teach a Company, and if there is no Company I will raise one up."

Others would hear a voice saying, "Whom shall I send to the Field?" They would reply, "Here am I, send me. I have health and strength. Good-bye, ease, pleasure, and applause. I will be in the place where the fire is the hottest, the bullets the thickest, the hills the steepest, right in the firing-line at the front." The question again comes: "To whom shall I apply?" The answer comes back: "To the Provincial Officer."

It may be said I have not mentioned the Divine side of the transaction. This is so. I am not afraid of this. My great difficulty has been to persuade the people of God to make a real offering of themselves. They



The Shooting of President McKinley.

The civilized world was shocked by the news of the attempted murder of President McKinley, by an anarchist of Polish nationality. The deed was committed about 4 p.m., on Sept. 6th, in Buffalo, while the President was shaking hands with a number of people in the Temple of Music at the Pan-American Exposition. The anarchist had the revolver concealed by a handkerchief in his left hand, and quickly fired two shots, one of which struck the breastbone, and did no serious injury, while the second penetrated the stomach. The President is still in a critical condition, but every hope is entertained of his final recovery. A number of suspects have been arrested, as it is supposed the plot is the outcome of a conspiracy.

## The South African Situation.

In South Africa guerrilla warfare is still being carried on. No important engagements are reported, but there are continual frictions between British and Boers, and the latter are being worn down gradually by being captured, killed, and wounded. A commando was captured near Petersburg, numbering sixty-two prisoners, fifty-two wounded, and nineteen killed. The Boer commando captured one hundred and forty miles from that town. Two Boer Commandos have issued a proclamation stating they will shoot all armed troops captured after Sept. 15th.

## International Items.

France has intimated her intention of expelling all of Turkey's agents from the country on account of her ruptured relations with Turkey.

Despatches received from China state that the Yangtze River has overflowed, and drowned one-third of the inhabitants of Shanghai.

Two hundred and seventy-five soldiers in the hospital at Fort McPherson, U.S.A., have been poisoned by a stew that had cooked all night.

A young woman, trying to swim Niagara Whirlpool Rapids in a barrel, lost her life in the attempt, after having been over one hour in the whirlpool.

The steel strike in the United States is still unsettled, and no satisfactory prospect of settlement is in view.

The differences between the Republics of Venezuela and Columbia are increasing, and troops are moving in the enemies' countries.

A daring train robbery was committed near Texarkana, Arkansas.

Two per cent. of people aged 30 are constantly confined to bed by illness, and 10 per cent. of those aged 75.

In the British army and navy are 76 officers of foreign birth, 29 being French, 12 Germans, and 10 Italian.

Abyssinia was converted to Christianity in the fourth century. The country now has over 12,000 monks.

Abyssinia is being brought up to date. They are going to have a tramway between Addis-Abeba and Addis-Halem.

Rev. Minot J. Savage is the latest celebrity to raise a warning voice against the folly of overwork. He declares that about half the world's effort is wasted, and that we should be better off if we about spent in justified idleness some of the time we devote to useless labor.

The Commonwealth of Australia is to spend a million pounds a year on the navy. Ships form the first line of defence with the Australians, and to be effective they must be strong and numerous. Hence the largest of the grants. The navy power is not shirking its responsibilities.

Now.

It is well-known that the Rogni Family of Sweden and Norway have often expressed their sympathy with the work of the Salvation Army in Scandinavia. King Oscar II., in the days when persecution was rife in the land, repeatedly over-ruled the decisions of the courts of justice, by which our officers had been sentenced to imprisonment. The good-will thus manifested has increased during recent years, and the King has just granted Commissioner Oliphant a private audience at the Royal Palace, Stockholm. The Commissioner remained some time with His Majesty, talking of the Army and its work. The King manifested the greatest interest, especially in our efforts among the poor and distressed. His Majesty was, in fact, heartless itself, and spoke of his sympathy and admiration for what the Army had accomplished throughout the realm.



## THE CRUST.

By STAFF-CAPT. PAGE.



JUST what grudge the impartial sun bore to Bolt Court it is hard to say, but it is a fact that the passing of one of its strayest beams was an astonishing and rare occurrence. What light did find its way into the place seemed taken sick on entering, or afflicted with chronic jaundice. Everybody in Bolt Court was of the same complexion—even a rose would have forgotten how to blush in the sordid atmosphere which robbed the children's cheeks of their childlikeness, and stamped each older face with sickly age.

The sun was not alone in its avoidance of Bolt Court. Everyone who wore a decent coat seemed to have a special aversion to it—even the bright buttons of the policeman usually halted at the corner, or passed with speed scarcely in keeping with their usual dignity through the squalid and vicious crowd. Perhaps it was the missions, whose name was legion, in the great city, knew not the existence of Bolt Court, certainly their presence was little seen in its thieves' kitchens and drunkard's cellars.

"Can you tell me if this is No. 4?" Mrs. Peers' substantial person gave a violent start. "The gentle tones in which the question was addressed, and the grave face looking up at her, so surprised her that she lost, for a moment, her speech, usually so fluent. She stared with some suspicion at the neat, though inexpensive, dress and the shining, fearless eyes.

"What's brought a bit of a girl like you to Bolt Court?" she demanded. "It's the rarest of wonders, you can tell them as sent you, they'd better send someone bigger, if they expect to get it and come out alive."

"I have nothing to do with the land-lord," said the girl, "I want to see Mr. Figgins, and I think he stays at No. 4."

"Then you've come to the wrong place," was the gruff rejoinder, as if offended at the idea of anybody with a prefix to their name living in her respectable dwelling; "but if it's old Bob you're wanting—him as sweeps the croaking—be's upstairs."

A word of thanks, and the slight, thin figure vanished through the dingy door, leaving Mrs. Peers to air her opinion to the dirty, slipshod gossips who had gathered around her.

"Not a sight of a tract—guess she ain't nothing religious."

"Any way she's been plucked 'N' to come alone to your house, Mother Peers," said a man's voice.

Meanwhile the subject of discussion had reached the last flight of rickety stairs, and still no sound of knocking unfound. She was just going down to seek further information, when a shock head peeped up through the broken balusters, and a shy voice called:

"Higher yet, me—through that door."

The door indicated led into a sort of garret, but no sign of the missing cross-gatekeeper. A steep ladder, leading through the dark, with the only evidence of possibilities "higher yet." As the insecure rungs creaked beneath her light tread, the girl wondered how anyone, old and infirm, could manage the ascent.

A hole under the roof, to which the ladder led—for it was nothing more—was very dark. The broken shingles were its only windows, through which, on fine days, there came a very little daylight, and on rare, a great deal of rain. The gaunt figure on the shaven bed was scarcely discernible to eyes unaccustomed to the gloom. Unkempt grey hair, eyes sunken almost to the sockets, a heap of bones shivering beneath a tattered coat, slow starvation written in every feature of the emaciated frame. A new light came into the dull eyes as the girlish head appeared over the top of the ladder, who, increased as she fell on her knees beside him, chafing the cold, cramped fingers in her warm hands, and speaking all the time, in her kind, gentle voice.

The gaunt, old man, seeking to rouse him to request, and the girl bent her head to catch the hoarse words.

"Give me the crust," was the hungry whisper.



The End of the Day.

A stale and soiled bit of bread lay where it had been thrown up the ladder, just out of reach of the stifling arm. Blaming herself that she had not brought her own little basket of supplies, the girl put the unwholesome morsel into the dying man's hand.

It was pitiful to see the wolf-like clutch which came in the drawn face as old Bob almost snatched the crust and put it to his lips, but ere a mouthful was taken he had put it down

again, and folding over it withered, trembling hands, he raised his hungry face to the chink of light through the broken roof, and murmured brokenly:

"For what ——— going to receive ——— Lord, make us truly thankful."

Such was the story the Commissioner told me—an incident of her own slumming days, and I wondered if, with so much more than crusts, our thanksgiving could equal Bob's.

## HARVEST PICKINGS

FROM THE PRISON GATE FIELD.



ANY are the cases we meet daily at the prison, the Police Court, or coming to us from the street, who reap in bitterness what they have sown in youth.

Had it the time, you might have hundreds of cases, which would prove a warning to those who are starting out in life, but my time only permits me to relate two or three cases, and I sincerely trust that they may prove of great benefit to those who know not snares and temptations which daily come upon our track.

The old saying, and much-quoted verse—'Whosoever a man soweth that shall he also reap,' "He that soweth to the wind shall reap the whirlwind." This is very true; but, thank God, though with many life has been squandered, yet there is salvation and hope for the criminal, the vicious, and the depraved. God is taking from the lower depths of sin and degradation those who are down, and placing their feet on the solid Rock, Christ Jesus.—Staff-Capt. Archibald.

## THE NEW VOICES.

"Captain, feel my forehead; give me that other hand; tell 'em I've spent pretty close to forty years in prisons, and it's a hard, hard life dodgin' law. Keep right hold, Captain. I'm not afraid, but I'm lonely. Tell the boys to be careful for there's nothin' in it."

The old chap had said his last word, and Staff-Capt. Archibald, of the Salvation Army, kept tight hold on the hand. There was a flash, and the evening sun streamed through the window of Grace Hospital, as if to light the soul on its passage through the Valley of the Shadow. A tremor, then peace, and the old convict was dead.

"Boys," said Staff-Capt. Archibald, speaking that night at the Victor Mission, "I've just come from holding the hand of a dying man who told me he had spent about forty years of his life in prisons, that he had served sin well, and that there was 'nuthin' in it.'"

And as the Staff-Captain told the story, the words,

"Nuthin' in it,"

burned down into the heart of one fellow who was broke, and who had just spent four years in Kingston Penitentiary. As he left the mission the words "nuthin' in it" were keeping time to his step, to the gongs of the street cars, to the call of the newswits, to the hum of humanity. But he was hungry; he was weary, he had little

at stake, the world hated criminal, he was alone. Stepping to a shoe store he took a pair of shoes, and tucked them under his coat. Then the words "nuthin' in it" burned afresh in strange, unnatural light. He stood around, slipped the shoes on the stand again, and hurried back to Staff-Capt. Archibald again and told all.

To-day he is a trusted coachman for a leading citizen, and he often thinks of the time when, not so long ago, the voice cried out from beyond the grave, "Boys, there's 'nuthin' in it."—Charlie Churner.

## THE DANGEROUS MAN.

Horace (we will call him) was a very hardened criminal when first I met him, some fifteen months ago. This had, from his earliest recollection, been taught by his parents to steal. He told me that many a time he was whipped severely because he had not brought home sufficient money for them to buy their liquor. At an early age both his parents died of drink, and Horace found himself tossing on a sea of an unfriendly world.

At the age of eleven he received his first conviction for theft, and since then, up to the 25th day of June, 1900, he has served no less than 19 years, 4 months, and 6 days in the various prisons and reformatories. Horace is now only 39 years old. Stripes, lashes, hangings, and the severest punishments that could be inflicted for insubordination, or the violation of prison discipline, never made him shed a tear or repent in his wayward and downward course. Horace's joints were all loose, and he was the object of being strung up for hours for his refusing to obey the prison government. All these things had no effect upon him, and he was regarded by the prison officials as

A Dangerous Man and Hard to Manage.

Horace often attended Divine worship at the various prisons, but never entered (when he was outside) a mission or church without the object of touching someone's pocket-book. Thus poor Horace's life was being spent year after year, without Christ in the world.

At one of our meetings, during the month of April, 1900, Horace was visibly moved upon as I talked of the suffering of Christ "from the garden to the cross." I shall never forget him at the close of the meeting. He rose to his feet to address the men in his own way, saying:

"Boys, I am going to take a tumble to-night. I never knew anything about religion, I never thought any-

thing about it. When I would see men praying and lifting up their faces, I was always very much amused, for it reminded me of a dog barking against the moon; but I have a presentiment here to-night that this religion is a good thing, and that I had it years ago, I would not be the poor devil in the prison cell as I am now. I don't know how to pray, I don't know anything about it. But, boys, I am going to take a tumble here to-night."

At the close of the meeting I shook hands with this poor fellow, and assured him I would pray for him.

That night, in an odd way, Horace tried to pray, but, as he said he did not feel much like it, he laid down on his cot. Some time through the night (he related this to me the next day) he had a vision or dream, of the Saviour. "To me," said Horace, "He looked all goodness and love."

"I was standing outside the most lovely garden I ever saw. So many rare and wonderful plants and flowers that I never saw my eyes before. The Saviour was standing in the midst of the garden, having a water-spray in His hand with which He was watering the plants."

"He never stopped me standing without the garden watching Him. By-and-bye He turned His face and looked on me with such compassion and love. He never spoke a word, but His look brought me to tears. I awakened and found myself weeping, and there and then I got down on my knees, and as I knelt I found pardon, and peace came into my soul."

For fifteen months after this Horace has enjoyed the confidence of the prison officials, having been given a clerkship eight months ago, on account of his good conduct. In the meantime, the sign of his living in British Columbia, where he had not met or heard tell of for twenty-three years.

Was glad to find her a good Christian woman. Her husband, being a foreman at a saw-mill, was willing to give Horace a situation on his discharge from prison.

Poor Horace's heart welled up with him, with gratitude as he took a ticket, when boarding the train for Vancouver, with the parting remark, "This must come from God."

There are many accidents and adventures in his life, which he related to me, but time and space will not allow their relating. This is a wonderful trophy of the mercy and grace of God.—W. A.

## COME IN, MY BOY.

Not very long ago the son of a magistrate in a northern town came to Toronto to work for his uncle. The boys always him the glass hand, and told him he was the whole thing, and he blew his coin, for he found it nice to be called a good fellow. One day he went broke, and the chaps all gave him the frosty mist when he tried to make out, but time and space will not allow their relating. This is a wonderful trophy of the mercy and grace of God.—W. A.

He said he was very sorry, and pleaded for another chance, but uncle had a heart as big as a pennant and as big as Plymouth Rock. The boy's face blanched as Magistrate Denison said "Nine months." A father in the north was seized with paralysis, which lasts to this day, and a mother grew grey with wrinkles, and crows feet with hot-house love.

Not so long ago an employer of labor got up in a Toronto church and told them all how good he was, and how his heart was aching to help the underdog, when the nine months sentence expired this under dog was directed to this man who had the aching heart, but he said:

"Get out!" The Staff-Capt. Archibald, of the Salvation Army Temple, took him and went to a man-about-town, who also employs labor, and whose heart is as big as a prize pumpkin, and when the man-about-town heard the story he said:

"Come in, my boy!" The other day Archibald asked "How is he getting along?" and the man-about-town replied, "Worth his weight in gold."—Charlie Churner.

"Charge them that are rich in this world. Be rich in good works, ready to distribute, willing to communicate."—1. Tim. vi. 17-18.

## Heroes of the Cross.

REV. C. G. FINNEY.

(Continued.)

IN the afternoon of the next day I was sent for to the school; but had never been able to break up the meeting. They had been obliged to leave the school-house, to give place to the school; but had removed to a private house near by, where I found a number of persons still too anxious, and too much loaded down with conviction to go to their homes. These were soon subdued by the word of God, and I believe all obtained a hope before they went home. Observe, I was a total stranger in that place, had never seen or heard of it, until as I have related. But here, the second time I learned that the place was called Sodom, by reason of its wickedness, and the old man who invited me was called Lot, because he was the only professor of religion in the place. After this manner the revival broke out in this neighborhood. I have not been in this neighborhood for many years; but in 1856, I think, while laboring in Syracuse, N.Y., I was introduced to a minister of Christ from St. Lawrence County, by the name of Cross. He said to me, 'Mr. Finney, you don't know me; but do you remember

Preaching in a Place Called Sodom?'

I said, 'I shall never forget it.' He replied, 'I was then a young man, and was converted at that meeting.' He is still living, a pastor in one of the churches in that county, and is the father of the principal of our preparatory department. Those who have lived in that region can testify to the permanent results of that blessed revival. I can only give in words a feeble description of the wonderful manifestation of power from on high attending the preaching of the word.

The time had now come when his experience in the things of God was to be deepened. He says: "During this winter (1843) the Lord gave my soul a very thorough overhauling and fresh baptism of His Spirit. This winter, in particular, my mind was exceedingly exercised on the question of personal holiness; and in respect to the state of the church, their want of power with God. I gave myself to a great deal of prayer. I arose at four o'clock, and generally spent the time in prayer until breakfast at eight o'clock. My days were spent, as far as I could find time, in searching the Scriptures. I read nothing else all winter but my Bible, and a great deal of it seemed new to me. The whole Scripture seemed to me all ablaze with light, and not only light, but it seemed as if God's word was instinct with the very life of God.

"After praying in this way for weeks and months, the thought that I might be deceiving myself, when it occurred to me, stung me almost like an adder. It created a pang that I cannot describe. The passages of Scripture that occurred to me, in that direction, for a few months, greatly increased my confidence in God. I was enabled to fall back upon the will of God. I said to the Lord, that if He saw that it was wise and best, and that His honor demanded that I should be left alone, I would not go down to hell. I accepted His will, and I said to Him, 'Do with me as seemeth Thee good.'

### Fuller Consecration.

"Just before this occurrence, I had a great struggle to consecrate myself to God in a higher sense than I had ever before seen to be my duty, or conceived as possible. I had often before laid my family upon the altar of God, and left them there to be disposed of at His discretion. But at this time, that I now speak of, I had a great struggle about giving up my wife to the will of God. She was in very feeble health, and it was evident that she could not live long. I had never before seen so clearly what is implied in laying her, and all that I possessed, upon the altar of God; and for hours I struggled upon my knees to give up, unqualifiedly, to the will of God. But I found myself un-

able to do it. I was so shocked and surprised at this that I perspired profusely with agony. I struggled, and prayed, and prayed, until I was exhausted, and still found myself unable to give altogether up to God's will, in such a way as to make no objection to His disposing of her as He pleased. But, as I said, I was enabled, after struggling a few moments with this discouragement, and bitterness, which I have since attributed to the fiery dart of Satan, to fall back in a deeper sense than I had ever done before upon the infinitely-blessed and perfect will of God. I then told the Lord that I had confidence in Him; that I was perfectly willing to give myself, my wife and family, all to be disposed of according to His own wisdom. I then had a deeper view of

eracles of my mind. My prayers were swallowed up in the will of God. Of course, my mind was too full of the subject to preach anything except a full and present salvation in the Lord Jesus Christ. My soul was wedded to Christ in a sense which I had never had any thought or conception of before. That passage, 'My grace is sufficient for thee,' meant so much, I could understand the prophet when he said, 'His name shall be called Wonderful, Counselor, the Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace.'

### Greater Usefulness.

After this Mr. Finney was more useful than ever. He held revivals in Rochester, Birmingham, London, Bolton, and Boston. In the latter place it is estimated that not less than five thousand persons were converted. In these places the educated and more intelligent part of the community, as usual, were brought to Christ under his labors. While laboring in a certain town a friend of his showed him through a factory. He

tory should run.' The gate was immediately shut down, and the factory stopped; but where should we go, said he? The superintendent suggested that the mill room was large, and the mules being run up, we could assemble there. We did so, and a more powerful meeting I scarcely ever attended. It went on with great power, and the mill room was large, and had many people in it. Through the mill to the cellar. The revival was through the mill with astonishing power, and in the course of a few days nearly all in the mill were hopefully converted.

### Divine Fellowship.

Of all the glorious work wrought there was, as we have already pointed out, one of the most secret—fellowship, close, constant, perfect, with God. He says:

"I shall never forget what a scale I passed through one day in my room at Dr. Lush's. The Lord showed me, as in a vision, that I was before me. He drew so near to me, while I was engaged in prayer, that my flesh literally trembled on my bones. I shook from head to foot, under a full sense of the presence of God. At first, and for a time it seemed more like being on the top of Sinai, amidst its full thunders, than in the presence of the cross of Christ.

"Never in my life that I recollect, was I so awed and humbled before God as then. Nevertheless, instead of feeling like fleeing, I seemed drawn nearer and nearer to God—seemed to draw nearer to that Presence which filled me with such unutterable awe and trembling. After a season of great humiliation before Him, there came a great lifting up. God assured me that He would be with me and uphold me; that no opposition should prevail against me; that I had nothing to do, in regard to all this matter, but to keep about my work, and wait for the salvation of God."

### The Peer of Ministers.

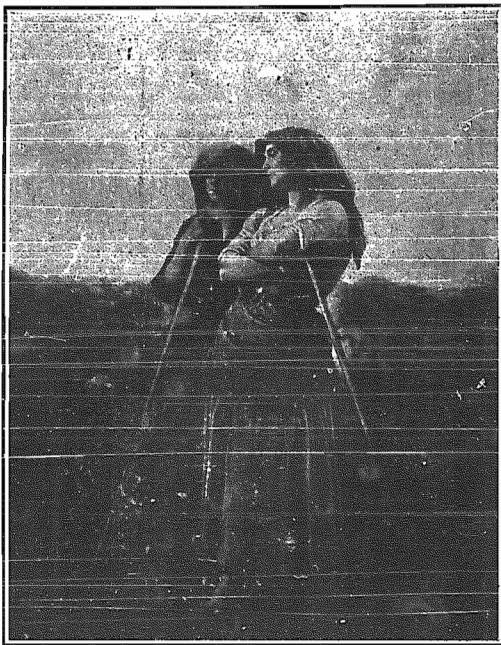
"We have heard the most celebrated ministers of the United States and Canada, and we regard Mr. Finney as the peer of them all. Like Saul, he was head and shoulders above all the men of his age. In person, he was tall and commanding. When roused in the pulpit there was an awful majesty in his appearance that at times made the heart stand still, and the people to tremble as by the horrors of an earthquake. He was possessed of an intellect of almost boundless versatility. He was a very Elijah in boldness and awfulness of denunciation. But in tenderness and love he was as the disciple that leaned on the bosom of Jesus. And, like them holy men, there will be none of his like to come after him.

"The power of the Holy Spirit upon him was equal to the greatness of the faculties inspired. The vastness of his sensibility caused him to feel the truth as if it were a consuming fire in his bones. Where others had but faint views, truth rose before him like mountains on mountains; such was the power of his perceptive faculties.

"His sympathy with Christ was as that of a twin brother. No marvel that he came among the people as a revelation from heaven; and, in fact, that people came hundreds of miles to hear and witness the wonders of his revivals. He had the power of walking into men's consciences like an angel with a flaming sword. He had the power to read the characters of men was startling. Many a man was stricken under conviction by one look from these searching eyes. His sermons to Christians reveal his remarkable power of analysis. These sermons would sometimes drive nearly a whole church into the engulphment. In the realm of law and moral government, it is doubtful if this country has had his equal since the days of the elder Edwards. If you would know his logical powers, read his reviews of his reviewers. It was his logical reasoning that gave him such great success with lawyers.

"But transcending all experience in the heights and depths of the spiritual life was past description. Those mighty prayers that moved heaven and earth caused people to say, 'No matter what he wanted of God, he could get it by praying.'"

He died Aug. 16, 1875, lacking two weeks of having completed his eighty-third year.



The End of the Day.

consecration to God than ever before. I spent

### A Long Time upon My Knees

considering the matter over, and giving up everything to the will of God; the interest of the church, the progress of religion, the conversion of the world, and the salvation or damnation of my own soul, as the will of God might decide. I went so far as to say to the Lord, with all my heart, that He might do anything with me or mine, to which His blessed will could consent; that I had such perfect confidence in His goodness and love as to believe He could consent to nothing to which I could object. I felt a kind of holy boldness, telling Him to do with me just as seemed to Him good. So deep and perfect a resting in the will of God I had never before known. My mind settled into perfect stillness. I seemed to be in a state of perfect rest, body and soul. The question frequently arose during the day, 'Do you still adhere to your consecration, and abide in the will of God?' I said, 'Yes, I take nothing back.' Nothing troubled me. I was neither elated nor depressed; I was neither joyful nor sorrowful. My confidence in God was perfect, and my mind was calm as heaven. Holiness unto the Lord seemed to be inscribed on all the ex-

says, "As I went through, I observed there was a good deal of agitation among those who were busy at their looms, and their mules, and other implements of work. On passing through one of the apartments, where a great number of young women were attending to their weaving, I observed a couple of them eyeing me, and speaking very earnestly to each other; and I could see that they were a good deal agitated, although they both laughed. I went slowly toward them. They saw me coming, and were evidently much excited. One of them was trying to mend a broken thread, and I observed that her hands trembled so that she could not mend it. I approached slowly, looking on each side at the machinery, as I passed, but observed that this girl grew more and more agitated, and could not proceed with her work. When I came within eight or ten feet of her, I looked solemnly at her. She observed it, and was quite overcome, and sunk down and burst into tears.

The feeling spread through the factory. Mr. W—, the owner of the establishment, was present, and seeing the state of things, he said to the superintendent, 'Stop the mill, and let the people attend to religion; for it is more important that our souls should be saved than that this fac-

# Every-Day Religion.

BY THE GENERAL

## TRADE.

3. Beware of covetousness. By which I understand not only the desiring of other people's possessions, to which you have no right, but the longing after, the desire for, wealth, houses, lands, trade, or earthly things in general, for their own sake. It cannot be wrong to desire, and scheme, and toil for what are known as the necessities of life, either for ourselves, for those dependent upon us, or for those whose miseries constitute their only claim upon our assistance. We are sure that it is right and commendable to desire, with all our strength, the gifts and graces of God's Holy Spirit. For this we have the authority of the apostle, who tells us to "covet earnestly the best gifts."

But, having food and raiment, and yet be everlastingly yearning after more of this world's riches is evil, and only evil, and evil continually. The love of money, which must include the kindred things that money represents, is, says Paul, "the root of all evil," being the baldest form of selfishness of which we have any knowledge. We see it displayed, in its beginnings, in the children, before they have learned to distinguish good from evil. Take that babe in its mother's arms; there are two apples on the table, and you give it one, which is as much as its little hand will carry; but it wants the other—that is, it covets. It cares not that its elder sister wants it, has a right to it; nay, may be dying for it; all it knows is that the apple is there, it looks enticing, the child would like to have it, and therefore desires it.

That is covetousness in the child; but when we come to its grown-up brothers and sisters, we find a covetousness much more hateful and injurious. We find them, while possessors of the one apple, desiring the other also, although they know, which the child does not, that their elder sister will suffer, may perhaps die, in consequence.

### BEWARE! BEWARE! BEWARE!

Beware of covetousness! God forbids it. He hates it. "Thou shalt not covet" is one of the great commandments of God.

Beware of covetousness! It is the author of endless heart-broken strivings, seductions, adulteries, suicides, and every other form of human misery. And among these miseries there stands out prominently the ruinous competition, the abominable slaveries and swindles, so common in our day. "More business, and more business still!" is the cry, to gain which we must rob our neighbor of his customers by under-selling him; and, in order to produce our goods at lower prices, we must pay less wages. The neighbor, not willing to be beaten, and determined to keep his trade, and even get more, reduces prices again; and so the game of beggar-my-neighbor, and especially beggar-the poor wretches who have to stitch, stitch, stitch from morning to night, goes on. For all this, covetousness is, at the bottom, largely responsible. Oh, my friends, having food and raiment, cannot you learn therewith to be content?

Beware of covetousness! It makes a hell in the human breast. Our Lord said, "Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled"—satisfied. It might with truth be written, "Cursed are they which do, with covetous eyes, hunger and thirst after the gold, and the silver, and the gains, and the praise, of this life; for the more they secure, the emptier shall they feel themselves to be; and the more they eat and drink of them, the further shall they be from satisfaction." Nay,

not only so, but the very desire shall harden their hearts and destroy what there was of kindly, and generous, and Godlike in their manhood and womanhood, drying up the heart, and reducing them to mere things—machines—good for nothing but, like the horse-leech, to cry, "Give, give, give!"



## PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.

A SALVATION ARMY VERSION.

BY CAPT. COPPERFIELD.

### BOOK THE SECOND.

#### CHAPTER III.

##### The Pilgrims Enter the Gate.

**B**UT when they got to that strip of morass, known as Devil's Discouragement, they all came to a standstill, for the place was as bad as ever. Indeed, it was worse, for some had been pretending to read it with arguments and creeds, and so had done more harm than good.

Here Mrs. Pilgrim and her children hesitated, but Mercy said, "Come, let us venture, for we can see the step-plug-stones if we look for 'em." So they followed her, and got over safely, although once or twice they nearly staggered and fell. Then they seemed to hear a voice saying, "Blessed is she that believeth, for there shall be a performance of those things which were told her from the Lord."

Then said Mercy to Mrs. Pilgrim, "If I was as sure of getting a welcome at the gate as what you are, no difficulties would discourage me."

So I saw, in my dream, that they went on together until they came to the gate, at which Mrs. Pilgrim, she being the eldest, knocked, but for a while, none answered. Indeed, a large dog began to bark loudly, so they were afraid, and had a mind to go back, but feared that the door-keeper might see them, and be vexed. At length they knocked louder than before.

Then said the keeper of the gate, "Who is there?" So the dog ceased barking, and he opened the gate to them.

##### The Gate is Opened.

Then Christiana (Mrs. Pilgrim)

and feeling the worse rather than the better for what they get.

4. Deal in good and useful articles. Don't sell rubbish if you can help it. You act on the principle laid down in the barracks, and in your salvation business generally. If a man comes to buy the truth about God, and sin, and heaven, and hell, and Calvary, or any other aspect of your glorious salvation, you give him the unadulterated article. Do your business, comrades, wherever you may be, on the same line.

(To be continued.)

bowed and said, "Let not our Lord be offended with His handmaids, for knocking at the gate."

Then said the keeper, "Where are you from, and what do you want?"

Mrs. Pilgrim answered, "We are come from where my husband, Mr. Christian Pilgrim, came from, and for the same reason, since we desire to go through this gate to the Celestial City."

Keeper: "What! Have you now become a pilgrim, who was once so opposed to such a life?"

Mrs. P.: "Yes, praise the Lord, and my children, too."

Then he took her by the hand and led her in, and said, "Suffer the little children to come unto Me," and then shut the gate.

Now, all this time Mercy was standing without, trembling and crying for fear that she was rejected. But when Christiana had been admitted, she remembered her, and said, "My Lord, I have a young companion that stands without, who desires to go with me. She is much troubled in her mind, since she comes, as she thinks, without any special invitation."

Now Mercy began to be very impatient, and each minute seemed as long to her as an hour, so she knocked at the gate herself, as loudly that she made Christiana start. Then said the keeper, "Who is there?" and she answered, "It is my friend."

So he opened the gate and looked out. But Mercy had fainted, being afraid that no gate would be opened to her.

Then he took her by the hand, and said, "Come, lassie, get up!"

"Oh, sir," said she, "I am faint; there is scarce life left in me. I fear I have come without an invitation like

Mrs. Pilgrim. She got her from the King, and I only got mine from her, therefore I fear it is no use."

Keeper: "Fear not, but stand upon your feet, and let me see your face. Did she desire you to come to this place with her?"

Mercy: "Yes, and so I came; and if there be any salvation to spare, I humbly pray that I may receive some." Then he took her by the hand again, and led her in, saying, "We receive all who come, as long as they come with all their heart."

Kindly Spoken to.

Now were Christiana and her children, and Mercy, received by the Lord, and kindly spoken to. When they said to Him, "We are truly sorry for all our sin," He replied, "I grant pardon, by word and deed; by word, in the promise of forgiveness; by deed, in the way I obtained it. Take the first from my lips with a kiss, and the other as it shall be revealed."

Now, I saw, in my dream, that He spoke many wonderful words to them, and gladdened their hearts. He also led them up to the top of the gate, and showed them by what deed they were saved, and told them they should see that sight again.

So He left them for a while in a summer parlour below, where they conversed together.

Mrs. Pilgrim was the first to speak, and said, "Praise the Lord for bringing us thus far!"

Mercy: "What must I say? I feel like leaping and dancing for joy!"

Mrs. P.: "I was afraid, when we knocked at first, and there was no answer, that all our labor was lost, especially when that big dog barked."

M.: "But my worst fear, was when I saw you admitted, and the door shut against me. These words came to my mind, 'The women shall grind at the mill; the one shall be taken, and the other left.' I felt that I must knock again, or die, and so I knocked."

Mrs. P.: "And you did knock loudly. You started us all. I thought you were going to come in by force, and would take the Kingdom by storm."

M.: "What did the keeper say—was he angry?"

Mrs. P.: "Not at all; he seemed rather pleased than otherwise, to see you were so much in earnest."

M.: "I wonder why he keeps that dog? If I get an opportunity I will ask him."

Able to Deliver.

And she did, later in the day. He answered, "That dog has another owner. He is also kept close in another man's ground, and my pilgrims often hear him barking, and are often frightened. Sometimes he has broken loose and worried my sheep; but since I can deliver them from the lions, I can surely save them from this dog."

Then said Mercy, "You have satisfied my ignorance; I see that you do all things well."

Then Mrs. Pilgrim began to speak of the journey before them, and to enquire after the road. So he fed them, and washed their feet, and adding His blessing directed them about the way.

Then Christiana sang this solo, as she and the others went their way—

"I'm a pilgrim bound for Glory,  
I'm a pilgrim going home;  
Come and hear me tell my story,  
All who love the Saviour, come."

I will tell you what induced me  
From my city to depart:  
'Twas the Saviour's love to Christiana  
Overcame and won my heart."

When I first commenced the journey  
Neighbors said that I was wrong  
How they all would die for envy  
If they could but hear my song.

(To be continued.)

It is while you are patiently toiling at the little tasks of life that the meaning and shape of the great work of life dawns upon you. It is while you are resisting little temptations that you are growing strong.—Phillips Brooks.

"A certain poor widow . . . sat there in two mites, which make farthings." This poor widow had cast more in than all they which had cast into the treasury.—Mark xii, 43.

"Fear not, stand upon your feet, and let me see your face."





# "THE SUMMER IS ENDED."

By EVANGELINE C. BOOTH, Commissioner.



HAT a glorious season it has been since we felt the glow of the first Spring sun, chasing the snow-pinks of Winter's test. Every day has brought forth some additional beauty with which to drape the hills, or grace the valleys, or adorn the forests, or paint the sky. There is no season we can compare to Summer. It is the time when every wood and forest, dale and garden, thrill with the music from God's own orchestra. It is the time when flowers, wild and cultured, fill the air with a sweeter perfume than all the druggists of the earth can muster. It is the time when the kind Hand of Beneficence replenishes the storehouse from abundant harvest of grain and fruit. It is the time when the children find a very Heaven in the toy-things God has strewn in the meadows, or spread upon the shores of lake and sea; the time when the aged are wheeled into the garden, or sit in the doorway to give their blessing to the gladness of earth. The time when the sick, with their pale cheeks, are propped by the open window, to catch from the fingers of the morning the scattered rose tints. The time when the poor can get warmth without money for fuel, and light without spending on lamp-oil, and have their fields to wander in, and flowers to gather from, for which God pays the rent and meets the taxes. Oh, bright and glorious season, full of melody, happiness, and beauty!

To the Christian, all nature, the whole year round, is one continuous appeal from the Creator to the creature. He sees Omnipotence in every mountain, boundless mercy in every sea, resurrection in every bursting bud, and Calvary in every rugged tree; and when, as the evening upon which I write, autumnal fingers drag from the branches their leafy apparel, in early preparation for a snowy shroud, every leaf which flutters to the ground declares that life has gone, and death has come, while the chill winds from the hills play the dirge, "The Summer is ended."

I would like to say, as I struggle to write 'mid the early shadows of the oncoming night, first, that

## SUMMER IS A TIME OF GREAT LIGHT.

It is, with us, the brightest and longest of any part of the year. It wakes us earliest in the morning and lingers longest with us in the evening. Too, it is most correct, being the clearest and also freest from shadows.

So it is with the Summer of the soul. How many have struggled to get away from these noon-day rays, shining straight from the sun of God. What early awakenings to a slumbering conscience they have brought. What great and burning truths upon the mile-stones of the downward track they have revealed. How they have caught the very promises, and warnings, and entreaties from the Bible, and in sunbeams spun them across your way, that, although you would not read the blessed Book for yourself, you should know what God has said.

Light is sight, and reveals to the mind through the naked eye what no language could ever convey. You might talk for ever to a blind man in explanation of the difference between pink and blue, and he would be none the wiser; but take away the darkness of his blindness, and let him see, and he immediately knows all about it, and can never forget it. Light from Heaven has come through the darkness of your blind eyes, and shows you that which no minister, or child of His, could ever do. It has shown you yourself and state, just as you are, as Summer shows us nature. Autumnal tints, however pretty, are deceptive, and bear in their rich colorings in truth but the evidences of decay. The flushed glory is, in reality, nature's last rally before the dying of the year. It is only in Summer we see the earth as it truly is. So with the Summer which has passed over your soul—

## YOU CAN NEVER FORGET IT.

Your own mother, who loved you dearly, even when she was dying, could not have told you half so clearly just where you were wrong as it did do; the sin that has cursed you, the companion or companions who have entangled you and dragged

you into a thousand evil practices which, apart from them, you would have escaped. The neglected duties to home and children, the husband or the wife; the promises, beautiful and sacred, the best and highest utterances of your life, made, perhaps, by the marriage altar, perhaps on your knees when the sun of Christ's face turned your tears into jewels; perhaps on your way through the cemetery, when every thud of the iron bell beat regret and repentance out of your soul. Beautiful promises—some to God—some to God and men—they would have turned the whole course of your life and piled up rewards, and palms, and crowns for you after death if they had been kept, but they were broken! What a dark agony their memory makes in the heart as the light of Heaven brings them up, one by one, and you shrink from the torturing truths they declare. As it is in the nature of an inflamed eye to close from the brightness of day, so men love darkness rather than light because their deeds are evil, and men condemn and call cruel the revelations which show them their true condition, forgetting God's light is kind. He shows us our sins that He may wash them away; gives us to feel how low down we are that He may lift us up, and reveals the perils and dangers which overtake us on our wayward journey that He may draw us to the place of safety made in His wounds.

Tossed on the troubled waters of a moonless sea, two boat-loads of bewildered, terrified seamen told a shipwreck's awful tale. The waves which had lashed their abandoned vessel, and left her to sink upon the hidden reef, foretold little mercy for the smaller crafts with their freight of immortal souls. Great cross-seas and unwarning ground-swells threatened every moment to swamp the little boats. But the worst of all, in the blackness of the night, to steer a true and safe course became an impossibility. Suddenly, when the waves seemed highest, and destruction surest, lights, bright and many, gleamed forth around them, and, to the seamen's delight, they found that they were in phosphorescent waters—each perilous wave being crested with a radiance which robbed it of its surest doom, for, though the breakers were cruel, and rocks and shoals spread danger all around, by taking their course from the lights which rested upon the breasts of their destroyers, the perils were escaped, and the fragile ships steered safely into harbor.

Oh, sinner, I beseech you by all the entreaties of which I am capable, to heed that light which has burst in upon your darkness and danger, and cleared the way for you of your destruction. By its directions you can steer straight for the eternal harbor. You are responsible for it, and for it you will have to answer. You may not be to blame for certain misfortunes which attended your childhood, or disadvantages connected with your bringing-up, and the little knowledge of the Bible and religious matters your education embraced, but for every ray of light, for every Summer sunbeam which has lit on Sunday-school hymn, mother's tear, wife's entreaty, or coffin inscription, showing the way from sin and death to righteousness and Heaven you are responsible for, and I say can any pen write or lip describe the great ocean of seething agony which will heat against your soul when, from the haffling gloom of the passage of death you look back upon all this light, and cry in the despair of a departing spirit, "The Summer is ended!"

Secondly, I would like to say,

## SUMMER IS A TIME OF GREAT THIRST.

Round the one simple word, "Water," the parched throat of man, and beast, and bird, and drooping tendrils of grass, and flower, and tree hang untold magic; and fountains are taxed, and cisterns drained, and dew and shower craved to slake all nature's universal thirst. So in the soul, however barren, there come the seasons when the dearth of its own desolation awakes a terrible thirst.

While the world has treated you well, and society has praised, and your business has prospered, and the stocks have brought in good dividends, and the home has been full of luxury, and the

children well and strong, then you may have found it easy to dispense with God and goodness, and join hands, and dance, and make merry with the unbeliever. You argued it was unwise to be too particular with what class you mixed, or as to who should be your friends, and gave happily and generously to the questionable, the gay, and the godless. But things changed, or something happened which changed you and your feelings very considerably—your fortune perished, and with it the good opinion of those on whose shallow friendship you tried to feed your spirit; or perhaps slander got on your track, and people pointed at the cottage in which you lived; or the heavy feet of death found the nursery, and tarried by the cot of the sweetest lamb of the fold; or your boy, the first-born, in whom you centred all your hopes, turned out a prodigal; or maybe health suddenly failed, and where you used to leap up the staircase, now you have to hold to the banister; or perhaps the flowers, the fields, and the skies never seem so fair because the eyes which used to rest upon them with yours slept in the cradle of the grave long ago. I do not know, and so I cannot say which happening mantled in black the sky in your case and rumbled the thunders of startling forebodings over your head, but I know it was a hot day of trial, and the thirst came on—thirst for the knowledge of some treasure above, when all that could be heard of the business was crash! crash! Thirst for the unchanging comfort and all-able protection of Him, Who was more than Parent when mother died. I heard of a little girl the other day, who was being dressed to attend the funeral of her mother. When the black frock was brought, the child cried, "Oh, don't dress me in black; put me a white dress on, and tie my hair with white ribbon, and let me wear white shoes—all in white—I shall be so much more like the land where mother has gone."

Oh, in the heat of that affliction, was not this the thirst of your parched soul? Did you want any more of the fashions of the world, the looks of the world, or the wrongs of the world? Did its charms have any fascination for you? Could its empty gaieties dry the boiling tears? Did not every want found within your broken heart voice, "Let my soul be clad in the robe of righteousness, my brow wear the crown of peace, and my feet put on the preparations of the Gospel, that, all in white, I may be more like the land where my loved one has gone"? Oh, beautiful thirst, born of the hot day of trial to drive us to God, is the Summer to end with you still unsaved?

Thirdly, these words are fitting to those who have passed through great spiritual experiences without profit. As Summer is

## THE SEASON WHEN THE RAYS OF THE SUN ARE MOST DIRECT

upon the earth, so our spiritual Summer is when the soul is brought into most direct contact with God and salvation. I have heard people speak very strongly against excitement, or even emotion, when associated with the conversion of the soul. They say it is likely to make a man act too quickly in a matter requiring so much time and thought, and that it is wrong of those who are engaged in soul-saving work to rush men over such an important step. The other day, in a railway car, a gentleman spoke to me in this way: he said that he did not believe in taking that step in haste. I replied I thought that was the only way to take it; that "the King's business required haste," and that I did not think a man could be too quick in getting his soul lifted from the cesspool of iniquity into the springs of purity; that sin is like disease, the longer it is with us the more complete its destruction. I said, "If, on your return to-night, the sky was bright with the reflection of a great fire, and you heard the roaring of the wind in conflict with flame and timber, and on turning the corner of your street you saw that the crowd had gathered around, and the hose was playing upon your own house, one thought would run like burning lava through your brain—it would be the wife and children within. The number of seconds it would take to get your feet from the top of that street to the bottom, where your home stood, would not be many. With your face pale with excitement and horror, and wet with the sweat of haste, you would rush right in. You would know the passages, and the rooms, and just where each little face lay. The onlookers would say you were excited. Of course you would be, and

(Continued on page 13.)

## GLIMPSES OF THE PAST.

### Presentation of the First Army Flag by Mrs. General Booth.

Comrades, before reading this article, let your minds go back to those early days, when a few men and women went out into the world, to become a peculiar people for Christ's sake. Some people still laugh and wonder at our adoption of military ways. But think what it must have been when for the first time a religious order called themselves soldiers, and then picture the excitement that was caused at Ceveney when the Mission Workers became soldiers of the Salvation Army, and announced that Mrs. Booth was going to present them with a flag, round which they were to rally and fight.

#### The First Flag Carefully Kept and Nursed.

The woman leader was bewildered, knowing as she did nothing of military matters. What were the colors to be? What had she to do? No one knew. In a time to find out she trusted to God to pull her through the ordeal. The sister was told that she was to take the greatest care of the colors, and to get a cover made for them. Not having the idea how the flag was to be used, and very nervous that it might get spoilt, she took such care of it that it was never used. Only left in a corner, wrapped up.

#### The Size of a Pocket Handkerchief.

The flag, about the size of a gentleman's pocket handkerchief, was presented to the woman leader before a vast crowd.

As Mrs. General Booth entered the building, a crowd of men and women greeted her; tiers of people immediately in front, and on the left and on the right. Singular of construction, and marvelously adapted for crowding, was that factory. The place seemed full, and yet for an hour people poured in and stowed themselves away, joining in a moment in the happy swing. They wept and sang in turns, and sometimes both. Mrs. Booth explained the meaning of the Yellow, Red, and Blue, and of the motto, "Blood and Fire." The following day, Mrs. Booth, standing on a form, holding the flag, addressed an immense crowd in the open air. A poor drunkard confessed that as he saw her standing there, and heard her burning words, he felt he must rush forward and give himself to God. This brother, now on the verge of eternity, never forgot the telling how God's message came to him through our Army mother, and we believe that till the very end that picture of Mrs. Booth, holding our first flag, will be before his eyes.

#### The Salvation Factory and Our First Spire.

Up to this time our woman leader and her fellow-workers had carried on the work against great difficulties, holding the meetings in a theatre, a pork shop, sometimes in a kitchen, and now and then in a mission hall; still they had been greatly blessed, gaining for God many wonderful trophies; drunkards, pigeon-flyers, awearers, gamblers, unbelievers. Their followers increased so greatly that the General felt the great need of a fixed place of worship, so the factory was taken at the cost of £500. The Factory was the most wonderful piece of property we ever acquired, seats for 1,200 on the main floor, where the meetings were held, and room to seat 1,500 at least. The floor below contains an evangelists' home, and a number of rooms where a whole school of prophets might live. The main portion of the basement is a room where 400 at a time can comfortably sit down to tea. There is a garden, a yard, and a tall chimney (our first spire!).

#### A Christian Mission Program.

The program announcing the opening runs as follows (about the town):—large posters put about the town):—

Saturday, 28th, 6.30 p.m.

#### WILLIAM BOOTH, THE GENERAL OF THE SALVATION ARMY.

Will publicly enter the town at the head of the 35th (Coventry) Corps,

#### AND WILL MARCH TO THE SALVATION FACTORY.

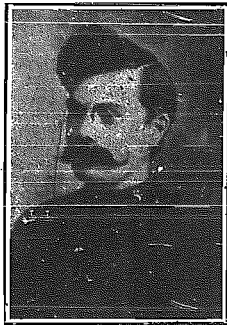
Meadow Park Street, in which they will pray for the blessing of God on all who have heard the Gospel there, and for a glorious opening of the large Factory.

7 p.m.—March to the great Factory, which will be opened by the General, when all who have been blessed since the Army entered Coventry will be invited to relate their experience.

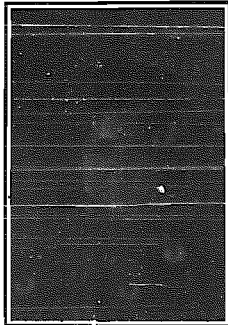
Sunday, 6 a.m.—The troops will rally at the Cemetery gates and march to the Factory, where at 7 a.m. there will be a grand Salvation concert. 10.30 a.m.—The forces will encamp on Pool Meadow, where throughout the morning the kingdom of the devil will be attacked vigorously on all sides. 2 p.m.—The forces will assemble at Gosford Green and march to the Factory. 2.45 p.m.—The Factory doors will be opened, and all who wish to be seated are recommended to be there then. 3 p.m.—The troops will enter the Factory and at once go through their exercises of

prayer. They will be addressed also by the General and a number of veterans of the Army from London, Leicester, Bradford, Leeds and other places. 4.15 p.m.—Tea will be provided for strangers from a distance. 5.30 p.m.—The troops will meet at the Cemetery gates and march along streets to be named in the afternoon to the Factory. 6.15 p.m.—The doors of the Factory will be opened. 6.30 p.m.—The troops will enter, and all the bells against the King of Kings will be attacked by a number of the best marksmen present. If necessary, the lower part of the Factory will also be thrown open to the public, and detachments of the Army sent to carry on the war there.

Monday, 10 a.m.—"Pentecost" at the Factory. 2 p.m.—Warriors of the 1st (Whitechapel), 2nd (Bethnal Green), 4th (Limehouse), 17th (Hammer Smith), 16th (Catham), 13th (Wellington), 22nd (Leicester), 35th (Coventry), 32nd (Sheffield), 45th (Barnsley), 21st (Leeds), 24th (Bradford), 36th (Bolton), 19th (Northwich) Corps of the Army are expected to attend and relate the wonderful battles and victories they have seen. Telegrams from all parts of the country relating to the conquests of the Sunday will be read out. 5 p.m.—Great public tea in the basement of the Factory. Tickets 9d each. 6 p.m.—Grand march through main streets to the Factory. 6.45 p.m.—The doors will be opened. 7 p.m.—Troops will enter and take up position reserved for them, reopening the attack of the previous evening. The basement will also be used if necessary. Recruits will be wanted by the hundred:



Adj. and Mrs. Burrows.



### United Under the Flag.

Adj. Burrows and Capt. Bowers  
Cross the Border—An Interesting  
Ceremony Conducted by the  
Chief Secretary.

As the vast crowd filed into the Temple, one could easily discern that something special was going to take place. The officers of the city could be seen rushing hither and thither, carrying out their different duties, and with few exceptions everybody seemed in excellent spirits for the occasion. Major Pickering, our worthy P. O., gave out the opening song, "He's the Lily of the Valley," and just as the lines were given, "He'll never, never leave me," the bridal party, accompanied by Colonel Jacobs and Major Collier, came to the platform. Talk about volcanic eruptions, the blast of instruments and volleys were most deafening. After the calm, and the song was finished, Mrs. Colonel Jacobs and Staff-Capt. Stanvon prayed fervently for God's blessing upon the service, and the lives that were about to be united. The Headquarters' Male Quartet was then called upon to sing one of their taking songs, "Away over yonder on the hill-top," which was enjoyed so much that it was found necessary to repeat the same. Colonel Jacobs then rose to speak, and was greeted with much hand-clapping and volleys. The Colonel spoke in eloquent terms of both Adj. Burrows and Capt. Bowers, and stated that he had strong objections to marrying children. The Colonel considered that

Adj. Burrows was no Spring chicken. He was an officer of twelve years' standing and Capt. Bowers had also seen six years of faithful service as an officer. The Colonel endeavored to impress all present with the solemnity of the marriage service. After the Scripture lesson, the Articles of Marriage were read, and the Colonel said that if the Adjutant and Captain did not wish to be married on these lines he would ask them to remain seated, and the Staff Band would play. At the words, "Stand forward," the bride and groom were promptly in their places. The "I wills" were said in a very mild tone, but resolutely. The bride's face was beaming with smiles, which indicated that she was well pleased with the bargain. "Whom God hath joined together, let no man separate," as usual was uttered by the Colonel, and two lives were made one. After the Colonel had committed them to God, the groom, in a most tender manner, saluted the bride, and took his bride to look of serene satisfaction on his face.

Mr. Gordon, the father of Mrs. Colonel Jacobs, from Macduff, Scotland, who has been visiting his daughter, was then called upon to speak, and gave some good advice to the newly-wedded couple. Mr. Gordon was favorably impressed with the work the Army was accomplishing for the souls and bodies of the masses. After a beautiful selection from the famous Staff Band, Staff-Capt. Morris was called upon to speak. The Staff-Captain said he believed that Adj. and Mrs. Burrows were Salvationists in the truest sense of the word. He had known the Adjutant for many years, in fact, "they were boys together." He predicted for the newly-mar-



Catherine Booth.

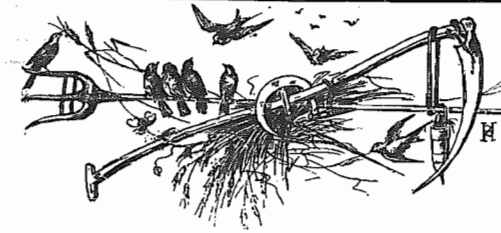
ried couple a blessed and useful future.

Staff-Capt. Stanvon spoke next, and unlike Staff-Capt. Morris, did not meet the Adjutant when a boy, but "met when small." The Staff-Captain assured the Adjutant that Mrs. Burrows could cook a good meal. He believed that Adj. and Mrs. Burrows had proved themselves to be devoted Salvationists. After the singing of a salvation song by the H. Q. Male Chorus, Major Pickering read letters of congratulation from the Ligar St. and Barris corps. The bride was then called upon, and said she had given her heart to God when quite young. She loved the Army, and proved God's grace sufficient in the past, and still purposed to work for the advancement of His Kingdom. The groom was next to speak. "Louder," shouted someone from the audience. The Adjutant, raising his voice somewhat, said that he was exceedingly happy thus far in his experience of married life. He was converted through the instrumentality of the Salvation Army fifteen years ago in Yorkville, and never felt like making any apology for being a Salvationist. He was thankful to God for Mrs. Burrows; he was first impressed by her godly life. He intended their future to be spent for God.

Major Pickering, with many fitting remarks, said that he hoped their future would eclipse the past, and after some good straight talk to the unadvised, brought to a close, as the Adjutant would say, one of the happiest events of his life.—W. J. W.

### HOUSE PLANTS FOR THE WINTER.

The best time to get decorative plants to be grown indoors during the winter, is early in September. At that season artificial heat and light, most temperature have been dispensed with, and plants are growing more naturally than at any other time of the year. There are but few which one can expect to grow well in the house in winter. The aspidistra is a plant which cannot be killed by ordinary neglect. Give it all the water needed, an occasional application of fertilizer, and a reasonable amount of light. The agave is a stately plant, and a well-grown specimen always attracts attention. For the hall or parlour, because of the semi-succulent nature of the foliage it will not require much water except when it is growing. Asparagus Sprengeri is another plant which grows as well for the richest amateur as it does for the owner of a greenhouse. Plant it in a soil of rich loam, and give it a liberal allowance of water when it needs it, a shady place to grow in, and it will not often cause any trouble. Begonias are frequent show-ers among the very robust plants, but there is one variety which I have found sure to grow well under difficulties. This variety is Begonia argentea guttata. Give it a soil of sandy loam, well drained, be careful not to over-water, but shower it frequently.—Eben E. Rexford, in the Ladies' Home Journal for September.



## Reapers' Reports from Our Harvest Field.

### The D. O's Visit.

Amherst, N. S.—On Tuesday we were favored with a visit from our worthy D. O., Adj. Byers. The day being fine, the Adjutant proposed a trip around the beautiful town of Amherst. After a few hours spent in enjoying the sights, we returned to make ready for the night's meeting. The band was out in full force; the open-air was good; the meeting inside was powerful, and the crowd was interested from start to finish. The Adjutant's subject was, "Jacob's prayer." His talk went to the hearts of the people, and one dear sister gave up her all and came to Jesus. We were also favored with a flying visit from Cadet Colwell, whom we were pleased to see again.—Eastern Star.

### One Soul at the Cross.

Barre, Vt.—On Wednesday last we had a visit from M<sup>r</sup> and Mrs. Turner, and Captains Reynolds and Poole, which we all enjoyed very much. Mrs. Turner and Capt. Reynolds remained for the week-end. On Sunday afternoon the soul came to the cross. Last week we said farewell to Ensign McLean, who has fought bravely in our midst for the past six months. She won for herself many friends here. God bless her!—C. L. H.

### Four Requests for Prayer.

Blenheim.—We have been favored with a visit from our old friend, Capt. Jordan, also Ex-Capt. Fisher, who stopped over for the soldiers' meeting. We had a blessed time. Great interest is being manifested by the unconverted. Four requests for prayer were made a week ago Sunday night. Some kind friend presented Capt. Groombridge with curtains for the quarters, so the Lord is kindly supplying all our needs.—Ina Groom.

### Specials from London.

Bothwell.—Captains Pattenden and Lieut. Webber, from London, were with us on Saturday and Sunday. We had a very nice time. God's Spirit was at work, but no one came to us. We are believing for victory.—M. C.

### Salvation While Passing Through.

Braconridge.—We are able to report victory. On Sunday night two backsliders came to Jesus. Another man, who was passing through the town, came to the meeting and gave himself to God.—Capt. Jas. Marshall.

### Saved While Visiting.

Bonaville.—Since last report four comrades have taken their stand for God under the flag, and four have sought the blessing of a clean heart. On Sunday, while at knee-drill, we were called to visit a woman who was very sick and anxious about her soul, and before leaving her we had the joy of seeing her brought to the knowledge of sins forgiven.—S. J. Matthews, Lieut.

### Fourteen at Jesus' Feet.

Brandon.—During the last two weeks the mercy-drops have been falling. Five have proved that our Lord washes away sins of years, and nine sought the blessing of a clean heart. We all felt very sad at Mrs. Ensign Wynn's loss, and every comrade is holding her up before the throne of grace.—A. R. B.

### A Revival.

Burlington.—Five souls have sought and found Jesus during the past week. Praise the Lord for ever! The devil is raging, but God's children are rejoicing. We are in the midst of a revival.—Capt. May Lang.

### The Latest—Saved at Eighty-Six.

Comfort Cove.—We have a real devil to fight, but we are pleased to say that God is our sufficiency. Our latest convert is an old gentleman eighty-six years of age. The most of our men are away to the fishery, therefore our crowds are not as large as usual, but we are believing for better times in the near future.—A. Newhook, Lieut.

### Father and Daughter Saved.

Cornwall.—We had a hard fight on Sunday, from 7 a.m. until late at night, but the Lord gave us the victory. The holiness meeting was well attended, and some old soldiers were present who had not been to a holiness meeting for quite a time. The Adjutant spoke very forcibly, and Capt. Blois soloed. On Sunday afternoon Sister Douglas spoke of the time when it was a cross to sell war, and said that now she felt it a pleasure, whereupon the Adjutant presented her with a bundle of Crys, which she kindly supplied the people with. The night meeting was a struggle, but we were quite confident that the Lord would come to our help. As we were singing the last chorus three walked out to the pentent form, two being a father and his daughter. The Cornwall soldiers are all right, and we are in for securing our H. F. target.—Captain Blois.

### Preparations for H. F.

Dauphin.—Several prisoners have been captured recently, and are proving true to God. Capt. Flaws has fared well and gone on triumphantly. The Captain spent nine months here, and proved a mighty blessing to both saint and sinner. We miss him very much, and earnestly pray that he shall be restored to health and strength again. We are just making preparations for the H. F. effort, and we mean to get our target—"Heck."

### Debt Gone—Souls Saved.

Eastport.—God is in a wonderful manner blessing and helping us, both financially and spiritually. The debt of \$60 has been swept away, and souls are being saved. We are able to deliver from that guilt and power of sin. One soul last Sunday night, after trying for satisfaction in the so-called pleasures of sin, cried to God for mercy, and has since taken his stand on the side of right. Last night two more followed, and others were almost persuaded. Praise God for victory, we still go on determined to do our best for the extension of His Kingdom.—Lieut. B. Duncan.

### Salvation at Eighty-One.

Feverham Circle.—Since last report three souls have sought and found Jesus. Last Sunday was a day of victory. In the afternoon meeting a Methodist minister's son, eighty-one years of age, sought salvation. As our dear aged brother came from the back seat, and knelt at Jesus' feet, many were moved to tears. The following Tuesday, when I called on him, he met me saying, "I am happy, a soldier of the Cross, and intend to become a soldier of the Salvation Army, because God wants me to be." Praise the Lord! All may come and share in the glory of this salvation. We had a good crowd on Sunday night, the men were all dressed in uniform, and God came very near and wounded the hearts of many. Our prayer is that He may give us greater victories in the near future.—C. H. Qualife, Lieut.

### Harvest Festival Victories.

Ingersoll.—God has indeed been blessing us of late, and we feel more

determined to fight the old devil. Our week-end meetings have been very well attended, and we thank God a number have been convicted. Last Sunday night, after a hard day's fighting, and we were about to give up, a dear brother who was wanted from God, came back to the fold. During the last two or three weeks we have had Corps-Cadet Eva Simpson, from Guelph, with us, and have enjoyed her visit very much. She is a good little musician, and has indeed enjoyed her music, both brass and string. Last Sunday night she gave us a cornet solo. She was indeed a blessing and inspiration to all. We are just entering into our Harvest, and with all our soul. Victory is our motto.—B. Flat.

### Facing the Storm.

Lewiston.—We can report victory. We are facing the storm, with Jesus our Captain, and we believe for a brighter future. We are engaged in a campaign in this place.—Wallace Sumpter.

### The German Sailor-Soldier.

Lunenburg.—We are still advancing. Crowds and income are good, and the comrades are determined to win. Ensign Parker gave us a lantern service, which was much enjoyed. Capt. Miller and Lieut. Fraser, from Bridgewater, united with us on Tuesday night, and we had a grand open-air and inside meeting. A German sailor, who is also a Salvation Army soldier, has just arrived, and has been welcomed out with us in the Army uniform. A great crowd gathered around to hear him sing in the German language. This was very much appreciated by the Lunenburg people. He left next morning for the Training Home in Newfoundland. Our prayers follow him. Let the storm rage, we have nailed our colors to the mast, and cannot go back.—Capt. T. McWilliams.

### In the Valley.

Merchantman's Harbor, Labrador.—Although being separated from the comrades at home, we are going in for victory. We are gathered on the 23rd of June. Between fifty and sixty vessels were all in a place called Quirpon, and while some were seeking pleasure and enjoyment, our flag was hoisted on a high hill, so that all around could see it, and a few of God's children gathered in the valley for a holiness meeting. In a short time groups of people could be seen standing in the valley, as if waiting to the old, old story. The afternoon and night meetings were times of power. While the soldiers and Methodist people, of different parts of Newfoundland, told of the wonderful work of God, and His love to the poor sinner, it seemed a very solemn time. Although we did not see any visible results, we believe there was a work done that will stand the test when our work shall be tried.—Onlooker.

### Her Kind Words Brought Tears.

N. Ascola.—On Wednesday last we had a visit from Capt. Charlton and Healer, of Helena, the former leading the meetings. The open-air drew a large crowd, and our prayer is that the Lord will have a good work to do to think where they are going to spend eternity. When we arrived at the hall, we found quite a number waiting to hear what the officers from Helena had to say. Among a few short testimonies from a number of the comrades, Capt. Heater drew the lesson and made a very strong appeal to the unconverted. Her kind words brought tears to the eyes of many. At the Friday night solo meeting, two came forward for a closer walk with God.—J. H. F., R. C.

### At a Moment's Notice.

Newcastle, N. B.—During the last five months our experience has varied. Two months we were at Dartmouth, then your dear mother came back, and after resting a few months at Halifax, we got a pro tem appointment to Newcastle. We find the soldiers and friends nothing short of kindness itself, and are ever ready to do anything for them. I don't remember ever striking a corps before where so many could be depended upon to sing a solo at a moment's notice. Sergt-Major Treadwell surely must have been concealed somewhere. We are always pleased to have Mrs. Charlie Cameron, from Glace Bay, with us for a time. She is a blood-and-fire warrior of the right kind.—G. F. Thompson.

### Two Bought Pardon.

Ottawa.—Sunday we had a real blessed day in the service of the Master. We realized His presence in our midst, comforting of sin. Two precious souls sought pardon for their wrongdoing in the night meeting. Two specials were with us, who helped us to the fight. Sergt-Major Colley, of Montreal, and Lieutenant Christmas, of Kingston, being on vacation, spent four days with us. Mrs. Kendall has returned from her furlough to the front of the battle, stronger in health. Praise God for His droppings. We pray that we may receive the showers and many more souls in the fountain.

### Prayer Did It.

Pictou.—God was with us on Sunday. At night Mrs. Adj. Kendall assisted Capt. Hickman with the meeting, and two precious souls stepped from darkness into light. One brother felt for some time he should get right with God, but the way was blocked so he could not start. He prayed every night for a week that God would give him courage, and on Sunday night he was saved by our Saviour. All the soldiers are out for the Master. The corps is under the command of Capt. N. Myers, an officer of long experience in the Army work, and one who has the interest of the Kingdom at heart. We are praying and believing that a mighty work will be done, and that souls will be won for God. Everyone is ready to raise a target for Harvest Festival.—Hallelujah!—Lillie Love.

### Ready for H. F.

Prince Albert.—We are having a summer revival here. After four weeks' fighting we can report victory. Three souls have come to Jesus. All the soldiers are out for the Master. The corps is under the command of Capt. N. Myers, an officer of long experience in the Army work, and one who has the interest of the Kingdom at heart. We are praying and believing that a mighty work will be done, and that souls will be won for God. Everyone is ready to raise a target for Harvest Festival.—Hallelujah!—Lillie Love.

### After Eight Years' Wanderings.

Ridgetown.—After over a week's hard fighting without officers, our labors were crowned on Saturday night by a backslider, who was a Candidate for the work some eight years ago, kneeling at the Cross for salvation. On Saturday night we welcomed our new officers, Capt. and Mrs. Huntington. The Captain's singing and playing attracts large crowds in the open air.—Cand. F. Talcott.

### Crowded to the Doors.

Riverside.—We had a wonderful time on Sunday. Staff-Capt. Archibald conducted the meetings. The Staff-Captain spoke well, and the hall was crowded, to the doors, and the Spirit of God strove with the people. We all give the Staff-Captain a hearty invitation back again.—C. C. McCarney.

### Three at the Mercy Seat.

Somerset, Ber.—On Sunday, Aug. 25th, Cand. White, from the city, was with us for the day, and we had a glorious time. The power of God was felt in our meetings, and at night our hearts were cheered by seeing three precious souls kneeling at the Mercy Seat crying for pardon. We are believing for glory in the near future.—C. C. Harrison, Sec.

### Twenty-Six Seekers.

St. John's I.—We can report twenty six souls in the last two weeks. To God be all the glory! On Sunday night we had a real old-time meeting the glory came down in showers, the flood-gates of the fountain of life were opened, and sixteen souls plunged in for cleansing. We finished up about half-past eleven, feeling tired, but happy.—J. W.

### Ten Souls Seek Salvation.

St. John's II.—Sunday was a real heaven below to both saint and sinner. We rejoiced over one soul in the afternoon meeting, seeking salvation, at night nine more precious souls knelt at the Mercy Seat. The comrades danced for joy. Look out for greater things in the near future.—Wiltshire, Lieut.

### Six Wanderers Returned.

Sydney.—We have had the joy recently of seeing many backsliders turn to the fold. Last week was of victory. Six wanderers return to their Father's house. Hallelujah!—E. Walter Legge.

## Daily Readings.

## SUNDAY.

He placed at the east of the garden  
a flaming sword  
to keep the way of the tree of life.—  
Gen. iii. 24.

To him that overcometh will I give  
to eat of the tree of life, which is in  
the midst of the paradise of God.—  
Rev. ii. 7.

The eating of the tree of life was  
forbidden yesterday; it is to be made  
allowable to-morrow. Can a thing be  
wrong yesterday and right to-morrow?  
Yes, if the change in the day has  
brought a change in the law. The  
law is had for a child which is good  
for a man. Why? Because the man  
has overcome something; he has a  
better constitution than the child.  
God forbids the child to follow in  
His step of prohibition? No, for God  
Himself has reversed that step for the  
coming man. Jesus, it is the steps  
of Thy spirit I am to follow. It  
may be that I may serve thee better  
by following the route opposite to that  
of Thy disciples. They had to give  
up the world; the surrender of the  
world was their burden. But it  
would no longer be my burden. O  
Lord, My temptation is to get away  
from the tree of daily life—to escape  
its duties, to ignore its responsibilities.  
Their cross was the giving up  
of the tree; my cross is the climbing  
of the tree, the spirit of the tree. It  
is the same spirit, but new steps.  
Thou art calling me to a larger con-  
tract with the world's tree; but it is  
not that I may get less of Thy cross;  
it is that I may get more. The tree  
of earthly life has ceased to be bad  
for me, because it has ceased to be  
selfish. It has become my cross—to  
be borne for Thee; my weight—to be  
borne for Thee; my care—to be  
borne for Thee. That has lifted me  
from the dust of the world. Thou hast  
enlarged the limits to my burden.  
Only to my love hast Thou open-  
ed the earthly gates; my right to  
the world's tree is my power for the  
world's cross.

## MONDAY.

Moses said unto God, Who am I  
that I should bring forth the  
children of Israel out of Egypt?  
Behold, when I come unto the  
children of Israel . . . what shall  
I say unto them? . . . But he-  
hold, they will say, 'We have no  
hearken unto thy voice.' . . . I am  
slow of speech.—Ex. iii. 11, 13, iv.  
1, 10.

How many a Christian pilgrim  
would never have seen anything of  
the spiritual manna, and the spiritual  
stream from the rock, and God listen-  
ed to him, when, with fear and  
trembling, he besought Him not to  
lead him into a desert.

## TUESDAY.

God . . . will render to . . .  
them who by patient continuance in  
well doing, seek for glory and honor,  
and immortality, eternal life.—Rom.  
ii. 5, 6, 7.

It is most important that we should  
understand that no mere moment, no  
isolated act of choice, under a pres-  
sure of temptation, settles destinies.  
The quiet, undisturbed years de-  
cide the period for the moment when  
the election is finally and openly made.  
It takes years to give a form and  
bent to a character. Temperament  
we are born with, character we have  
to make; and that not in the grand mo-  
ments, when the eyes of men are vis-  
ibly upon us, but in the daily, quiet  
paths of pilgrimage, when the work is  
being done within in secret which will  
be revealed in the daylight of eternity.  
Habits, life paths, are the result of  
constant actions; and the multitude  
of daily footsteps that go to and fro  
which shapes them.

## WEDNESDAY.

Behold, I set before you this day  
a blessing and a curse; a blessing, if ye  
obey the commandments of the Lord  
your God . . . and a curse, if ye  
will not obey the commandments of  
the Lord your God.—Deut. x. 25,  
27, 28.

Take the two Sauts; they lived  
about one thousand years apart. One

started out well and ended poorly, and  
the other started out poorly and ended  
well. The first Saul got a kingdom  
and a crown. He had the friendship  
of Samuel, the best prophet there was  
on the face of the earth; and yet he  
lost the friendship of Samuel, lost his  
crown, his kingdom, and his life, all  
through an act of disobedience. Now  
take the Saul of the New Testament.  
When God called him he was obedient  
to the heavenly vision, and he was  
given a heavenly kingdom. One act of  
obedience, one act of disobedience.  
The act of obedience gained all, and  
the act of disobedience lost every-  
thing. Let us make up our minds  
now, what it will be, what we will do  
the will of God, and we shall have  
peace and joy.—D. L. Moody.

## THURSDAY.

Whatsoever ye do, do it heartily as  
to the Lord, and not unto men; know-  
ing that of the Lord ye shall receive  
the reward of the inheritance: for ye  
serve the Lord Christ.—Col. iii. 23, 24.

Life in its literal aspect is wear-  
some enough; all life, looked at from  
day to day, is a long, even, tire-  
some. Take the grandest of human  
callings and detail its routine; people  
will turn away from it as from a dull  
story. And yet one may take the  
smallest calling, the meanest occupa-  
tion, the most menial course of duty,  
and shed on it this beautiful light of  
the ideal world, the glory of religion;  
and, behold, as every dew-drop be-  
comes a diamond when the morning  
comes over the hills, as every bit of  
mica flashes like a pearl when the  
sunshine strikes it, so this little atom  
of duty, care, toil, trouble, becomes a  
gem when touched by the light of its  
principle.

## FRIDAY.

Re-creating the time.—Col. iv. 5.

"The hours! They all march in one  
direction, invisible as they are com-  
ing, and irrevocable when they are  
gone; with an eternity behind them  
and an eternity before. The hours!  
They will never end their journey,  
though they will soon complete yours  
and mine. They are making note of  
human opportunities and perform-  
ances, and the inscriptions that they  
leave will remain after those oppor-  
tunities have vanished, and when  
those actions must be judged." I  
know of no description that sets them  
forth better than the motto of a pub-  
lic clock on the college wall at Ox-  
ford: Percent et impunitus. 'They  
perish and are imputed.'

## SATURDAY.

I delight to do Thy will, O my God.  
—Psalm xl. 8.

Happiness lies next door to com-  
plete acquiescence in the will of God.  
—C. H. Spurgeon.

STAFF-CAPTAIN ARCHIBALD AT THE  
TEMPLE.

We were favored with a visit from  
Staff-Capt. Archibald on Sunday. The  
morning meeting was one of the best  
that the writer has had the privilege  
of attending. The Staff-Captain's  
Bible reading was very practical in  
deed, and brought conviction to many  
hearts, although only two yielded to  
their convictions. The way in which  
the free-will offering was given was  
really splendid, and resulted in a good  
sum being raised for the work.

The night meeting was a splendid  
affair. A large crowd was present at  
the open-air and inside meetings. The  
Staff-Captain's address on "Trophies  
of grace," brought tears to many eyes,  
and led them to see their real state  
in the sight of God. Two dear broth-  
ers, who have been conquered by the  
drink habit for years, sought deliv-  
erance. The most regrettable part  
of the meetings was the absence of  
Adj. Welford, who was taken sick  
on Saturday night and was unable to  
be present. We are praying for the  
Adjutant, and believe ere long he will  
again be at the battle's front.—G. W. P.

"Let the heavens be glad, and let  
the earth rejoice, and let every one  
among the nations, The Lord reign-  
eth."—1. Chron. xvi. 31.

## SPIRITUAL SPECIALS

SPEND 10 DAYS AT HAMILTON I.  
CORPS CONDUCTING SPECIAL  
REVIVAL SERVICES.

45 Seekers for Pardon and Purity—3  
Names Added to the Permanent  
Roll—8 Backslidden Soldiers  
Re-instated on 19 Added  
to the Recruits' Roll.

What can I say about our visit to  
Hamilton I.? God has, indeed, been  
pleased to honor the labors of Staff-  
Capt. Manton and myself. The con-  
gregations have been good, and the  
interest has been intense. We have  
had the support of bandsmen, soldiers,  
and officers, and the success achieved  
has been such as would gladden the  
angels.

## Results:—

For pardon, 38.  
For the blessing, 9.  
Re-instated, 8.  
Enrolled as recruits, 19.  
Enrolled as soldiers, 3.  
Attendance, 2,100; being 1,200  
above the average.  
Attendance of soldiers at open-air,  
500; being 250 above the average.  
Offerings amounted to about \$80,  
being about \$50 above the average.

The galleries were opened the two  
Sunday nights we were there, such  
a sight as is seldom seen.

Two dedication services were held,  
when the wives of Sergt.  
Major and Mrs. Bailey were dedi-  
cated to God and the Army; also Band-  
master and Mrs. Clark, and Bro. and  
Sister Palmer had their little ones given  
to God. It was a beautiful sight.

## The Penitent Form.

Some touching scenes were seen at  
the penitent form. Here is a man  
who, in by-gone years, had been a  
drunken soldier, but eleven years ago  
left God and parked his uniform in  
his trunk. There kneels another old  
veteran that once was. His pipe came  
to an untimely end while he knelt at  
the Mercy Seat. A man holds up his  
hand, for prayer, who had not been in  
a place of worship for fifteen years.

## The Dying Sain.

Dear Mrs. Grosz, a faithful war-  
rior, is nearing the river. The Adjut-  
ant myself and Bertie visited her.  
We sang of His redeeming love, much  
to the pleasure of our dear sister. She  
has no fears, all is well. Hallelujah!

## A Busy Day.

Yesterday (Sunday) was a busy day.  
We conducted nine meetings, all told  
—a band meeting and a converts'  
meeting being among the number.

## The Enrolment.

What a sight to see over a score of  
men and women taking their stand for  
God. Oh, that they may be true to  
God and the flag!

The comrades were delighted to see  
their beloved Provincial Officers,  
Major and Mrs. Pickering. God bless  
the Major and his wife! God bless  
the Adjutant and her assistants!  
God bless Hamilton I.! So says your  
humble servant and Staff-Capt. Man-  
ton. We are now off to pastures new.  
Farewell for a season.—J. S. Pugmire.

## A GLORIOUS WEEK-END.

(Special.)

St. Catharines.—First visit of Major  
and Mrs. Pickering (new Provincial  
Officers), assisted by Ensign Sims.  
Magnificent meeting. Holy Ghost  
mightily helped the P.O. Rapt atten-  
tion to addresses given. Five souls  
seeking mercy, one an ex-officer. Col-  
lections four times the ordinary. Con-  
gregations splendid. Capt. Remie  
and Lieut. Wisley full of faith for  
Harvest Festival. Target will be hit.  
—"White Rose."

## OVER JORDAN.

"ALL IS WELL."

Norwich.—The death angel has vis-  
ited our corps and promoted our com-  
manding officer, Capt. M. R. Casler, to a  
mansion above. After a  
short illness, she was called  
to try the realities of a  
better world. When the end  
was near, she said to those  
by her side, "All is well."



Mrs. Casler (nee Capt. Rees) spent  
many years at the front of the battle.  
Her greatest delight was to lead men  
and women to the Lamb of God,  
which taketh away the sins of the  
world. As an officer her work was  
wonderfully blessed and honored by  
God. Some few years ago she was  
compelled to withdraw on account of  
ill-health, and take her stand as a  
soldier, where she has fought a good  
fight, and proved the grace of God  
sufficient under every circumstance.  
Our sister will be missed by many  
friends and officers. Her home was  
always open to the Salvation Army.

We gave her an Army funeral,  
which was conducted by Capt. Bonny.  
It was a solemn and impressive mo-  
ment, when we laid all that was mor-  
tal of our departed comrade away to  
rest with a sure and certain hope of  
a glorious resurrection.

A large number attended the me-  
morial service on Sunday at the bar-  
nacks, and many spoke of our sister's  
life being a blessing. Capt. Bonny  
brought the service to a close with a  
Bible talk, warning all to be ready for  
the death-angel's call. Conviction was  
stamped upon many faces. May God  
bless and sustain the bereaved husband  
and infant son.—Louisa Haskin.



## T. H. Q. SPECIALS.

H. F. SUNDAY, SEPT. 22nd.

Ingersoll.—Colonel Jacobs and Brig-  
adier Pugmire.  
Lisgar.—Brigadier and Mrs. Oakin  
and Staff-Capt. Manton.  
Temple.—Brigadier Friedrich.  
Riverside.—Major Horn.  
Newmarket.—Major Collier.  
Huron St.—Staff-Capt. and Mrs. Arch-  
ibald.  
Hamilton I.—Staff-Capt. and Mrs.  
Creighton.  
Guelph.—Staff-Capt. Page.  
St. Catharines.—T. H. Q. Quintet.  
Aurora.—Adj. Creighton.  
Dundas.—Ensign Easton.

## Spiritual Specials.

MAJOR GALT AND CAPT. LeDREW  
will visit Deseronto Sept. 13 to Sept.  
23; Napanee, Sept. 25 to Oct. 7; Camp-  
belford, Oct. 9 to Oct. 21.

## East Ontario Province.

MAJOR TURNER

Will visit Montreal, Sat., Sun. and  
Mon. Sept. 21, 22, 23; Kingston, Sat.  
Sun. and Mon. Oct. 5, 6, 7; Picton,  
Tues. Oct. 8; Brockville, Wed. Oct.  
9; Ogdensburg, Thurs. Oct. 10; Pres-  
cott, Fri. Oct. 11; Cornwall, Sat.  
Sun. and Mon. Oct. 12, 13, 14.

## BILLETS! BILLETS!

Officers requiring billets for the  
Anniversary Congress should apply  
immediately to

MAJOR PICKERING,

Salvation Temple,  
Toronto.



# "The Summer is Ended."

(Continued from page 9.)

rightly so. They would say your emotions blinded your eyes to falling rock and bending pillar, and so they would. The outsiders might be friends of those inside the burning building, but you would be husband and father, and know that their safety depended upon the speed with which you could get them out. Would it take long for the children, half-smothered with smoke, to leap into your arms, or for your wife to catch at your outstretched hand, burned, in her rescue, and run with you to safety? I say there are husbands, wives, and children, sons and daughters in the furnace of sin.

## THE FATHER OF THE HUMAN FAMILY

gazed upon the ruddy horizon of an on-sweeping destruction, and heard the crackling of men's honor, of women's virtue, of children's innocence, of marriage vows, of family altars and happy homes, and turned into the midnight darkness of the street of Calvary. It was a rapid travel to the end of that long street of a world's sin and woe, and panting from exhaustion, with blood-sweat besmearing His pallid face, while the on-lookers called, "He cannot save Himself" from burning lash and falling blow. He rushed right into the fires of crucifixion, and tens of thousands of His children, sin-burned and crime-blackened, have leaped into His outstretched arms, blistered and flesh-torn for their salvation. I say there are tens of thousands damned because too slow to be saved, and those who seek them are too slow in their search. After all, the most rapid word in the whole of the English dictionary is "Now," and God has said, "Now is the day of salvation."

Christ, as the Zaccheus, is quickly found of those who run after Him, for our Summer, at best, is short, and it will soon be ended. I love to see a rush into the Kingdom; I love to see a prodigal take the quickest exit home, and fall on his Father's neck before he reaches the penitent form. I always say, at such a sight, it is Summer for that soul—the sun's rays are direct upon the earth, the Saviour is near the sinner; judgment, death, and hell are being driven back before mercy, life and Heaven.

There is no soul! In this enlightened land who has not had the wondrous and would-be soul-saving experience of "almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian." May I ask you, has it not been so with you? In looking upon the pages of your past is there not more than once related where you came right up to the brink, where you felt quick, urging emotions pressing you toward Jesus? Every circumstance of that hour seemed planned to help you; the light shone brightly, showing it was only a step to the Lamb Who taketh away the sins of the world; the warmth of God's love melted the ice-bergs of rebellion in your heart, and drove a gulf into your throat and rivers through your eyes; there was a wonderful clearing of clouds of unbelief from your sky, as if angels' wings were pushing them away, and while the saints sang around you a wave of feeling passed over your soul you never can forget. It was Summer—your day of grace—you were almost persuaded—you wanted to fall upon your knees and cry to God for mercy—every feeling of your heart pushed you up to it—every voice from the past persuaded you to do it—every dread of the future pleaded with you to drop anchor in that harbor, but you did not do it, although you knew that it was only the great sacrifice of Jesus brought you such a chance of His salvation.

On this night, with the signs of approaching

Winter all around me, I call to all those who linger on the brink of indecision. "Quick, quick into the Kingdom, for the time is passing, the days are growing shorter, the light falls, soon the last rose will wither, the last leaf will fall, the last bird will fly; then the cutting winds of an on-sweeping and everlasting Winter will moan through the eternal ages.

## "THE SUMMER IS ENDED."

Lastly, these words express the condition of a lost soul. It is the end of the long, fragrant trail of God's countless mercies. It is the last tie between your spirit and the sky broken. It is the wages paid in full for sin. It is the soul weighed and wanting. It is prayer unheeded and unanswered. It is the gate of reconciliation closed. It is time passed, God grieved, Heaven lost. Can anything be more lamentable than to look out of the concentrated darkness of eternal punishment on to a life filled with expressions of God's love and pleadings, and see in them all the light, the peace, and the glory that might have been, ignored and wasted. A little time back, I watched from the platform of a Western car, the last glory of the setting sun as it crowned one of the most beautiful summits of the Rockies. We were mounting an incline, and every detail of the winding track was lit up by the fiery hush. Objects long passed seemed near us again, and in their blushes left from the kisses of rose-tinted cloudlets appeared all the more beautiful and to be prized. So when the sun of life sets, and from the platform of the dying couch, men see lit in life's last flashes every detail of the track, every wave of mercy, every held-back hewman's axe, every opportunity of pardon, every touch of the Saviour's love passed, ignored and gone, then the quick darkness of a pitiless night, and all is over, the tree has fallen, the sun is set—the Summer is ended.

# Songs for Harvest Festival Week

## Holiness.

Tunes.—Even me (B.J. 229): Shall we meet? (B.J. 140).

1 Lord, I hear of showers of blessing  
Thou art scattering full and free;  
Showers, the thirsty land refreshing;  
Let Thy power descend on me—  
Even me.

Come just now, Thou mighty Spirit,  
Make me feel, and make me see;  
Send the burning, cleansing fire,  
Now show: for Thy power in me—  
Even me.

Pass me not, O God, my Father,  
Sinful though my heart may be;  
Thou might'st leave me, but the Father  
Let Thy mercy fall on me—  
Even me.

Pass me not, O mighty Spirit!  
Thou canst make the blind to see;  
Witnesser of Jesus' merit,  
Speak the word of power to me—  
Even me.

I have long in sin been sleeping,  
Long been slighting, grieving Thee;  
Long the world my heart's been keeping,  
Oh, forgive and rescue me—  
Even me.

## Only Thee.

Tune.—Only Thee, my soul's Redeemer (B.J. 73).

2 Only Thee, my soul's Redeemer!  
Whom have I in heaven beside?  
Whom on earth with love so tender,  
All my wandering steps will guide?

Chorus.

Only Thee, only Thee!  
Loving Saviour, only Thee!  
Only Thee! No joy I covet  
But the joy to call Thee mine—  
Joy that gives the best assurance  
Thou hast owned and sealed me  
Thine.

Only Thee! I ask no other,  
Thou art more than all to me;  
Life, or health, or creature comfort—  
I would give them all for Thee.

Only Thee, whose blood has cleansed me,  
Would my raptured vision see,  
While my faith is reaching upward,  
Ever upward, Lord, to Thee.

## Praise and Thanksgiving.

Tunes.—Conference (B.J. 75); Nativ- ity (B.J. 147).

3 We praise Thee, Lord, with heart and voice,  
While with first-fruits we come;  
We bring thank-offerings and rejoice,  
Shouting the harvest home.

For crops made ripe by golden fire,  
For all Thy power has done,  
We'll lift Thy praises higher and higher,  
Shouting the harvest home.

Salvation fields already white,  
And souls are all Thine own;  
To reap earth's millions we'll unite;  
Shouting the harvest home.

Rich fruits of holiness we see,  
Where men in grace have grown;  
Salvation reapers we will be,  
Shouting the harvest home.

Seed sown with tears Thy life receives,  
Making Thy goodness known;  
Reapers return with golden sheaves,  
Shouting the harvest home.

## The Reaping Time.

Tune.—Soon the reaping-time will come.

4 This is the field, the world below,  
In which the Sower came to sow;  
Jesus, the wheat; Satan, the tares;  
For so the word of God declares.

Chorus.

And soon the reaping-time will come,  
And angels shout the harvest home.

Most awful truth, and is it so?  
Must all the world the harvest know?  
Must all before the Judge appear?  
Then for the harvest, oh, prepare.

To love thy sins—a saint to appear—  
To grow with wheat and he a tare—  
May serve thee while on earth below,  
Where tares and wheat together grow.

But a! who are from sin set free  
Their Father's Kingdom soon shall see.

Shine like the sun for ever there;  
He that hath ears, then, let him hear.

## What Shall the Harvest Be?

Tune.—What shall the harvest be? (B.J. 388).

5 Sowing the seed by the dawn light fair,  
Sowing the seed by the noonday glare,  
Sowing the seed by the fading light,  
Sowing the seed in the solemn night:  
Oh, what shall the harvest be?

Chorus.

Sown in the darkness, or sown in the light,  
Sown in our weakness, or sown in our might,  
Gathered in time or eternity,  
Sure, ah! sure, will the harvest be!

Sowing the seed by the wayside high,  
Sowing the seed on the rocks to die,  
Sowing the seed where the thorns will spoil,  
Oh, what shall the harvest be?

Sowing the seed of a lingering pain,  
Sowing the seed of a maddened brain,  
Sowing the seed of a tarnished name,  
Sowing the seed of eternal shame:  
Oh, what shall the harvest be?

Sowing the seed with an aching heart,  
Sowing the seed while the tear-drops start,  
Sowing in hope, till the reapers come,  
Gladly to gather the harvest home:  
Oh, what shall the harvest be?

## Why Not To-Night?

Tunes.—Conference; Ernan (B.J. 221).

6 Oh, do not let the Lord depart,  
And close thine eyes against the light;  
Poor sinner, harken not thine heart,  
Thou wouldst be saved—why not to-night?

To-morrow's sun may never rise  
To bless thy long-deluded sight—  
This is the time!—oh, then, he wise!  
Thou wouldst be saved—why not to-night?

Our God in pity lingers still:  
Oh, wilt thou thus His love requite?  
Renounce at length thy stubborn will,  
Thou wouldst be saved—why not to-night?

Our blessed Lord refuses none  
Who would to Him their souls unite:  
Then be the work of grace begun:  
Thou wouldst be saved—why not to-night?

## Hidden Sins.

By MAJOR COLLIER.

Tune.—When the mists have rolled away.

7 When old Adam in the garden,  
The forbidden fruit did taste,  
He at once a covering made him,  
For to hide him from God's face.  
And when Cain his brother Abel,  
In a fit of passion killed,  
They forgot that God could see them,  
That the earth His presence filled.

Chorus.

Hidden sins shall come to light,  
They're committed in God's sight.  
If you wrong you try to cover,  
It will surely be made known,  
And, unless it is forgiven,  
Meet you at the Judgment Throne.

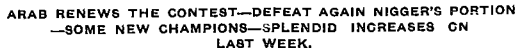
Achan took a stolen garment,  
Hid it underneath the ground,  
But the peep-hole Joshua numbered,  
And the guilty one was found.  
Then King Saul should have killed Agag.

All the sheep, and oxen, too;  
But he disobeyed God's orders—  
Of the best he kept a few.

David, too, was very sinful  
When he took another's wife;  
When his sin he could not cover,  
He destroyed Uriah's life.  
Jonah should have preached repentance.

But his courage it did fail,  
So he ran away from duty,  
To be swallowed by a whale.

Ananias and Sapphira  
The disciples tried to cheat;  
And you know the Bible story:  
How they fell dead at their feet.  
So, my comrades, if you'd prosper,  
Hidden sins just now confess.  
Only seek the Kingdom's interest,  
And your labors God will bless.



48 Hustlers.	
Lieut. Croser, Brandon	90
Capt. O. Potter, Devil's Lake	90
Lieut. C. McKee, Grafton	90
Sergt. D. Taylor, Winnipeg	90
Capt. A. Pearce, Moorhead	90
Minnie Lewis, Winnipeg	90
Ensign M. Collett, Fargo	71
Lieut. J. Russell, Fargo	69
Capt. M. Norcross, William	69
P. E. M. Curtis, Rat Portage	69
Lieut. W. Oxenrider, Regina	69
Mrs. Capt. R. Taylor, Portage la Prairie	69
Lieut. A. Cook, Westwood	69
Lieut. V. Sherriss, Grafton	69
Mrs. Adj. McManmond, Winnipeg	69
Capt. J. Cook, Souris	69
Adj. F. Dean, Rat Portage	69
Capt. A. Wilkins, Grand Forks	69
Lieut. L. McKee, Edmonton	59
Capt. L. Dunster, Port Arthur	59
Capt. Barrager, Edmonton	59
Mrs. Capt. Knudson, Calgary	49
Capt. C. R. Hall, Lehighburg	49
Capt. J. H. Hall, Lehighburg	49
Sister Nellie Ode, Dauphin	49

SOMER, THOMAS HENRY. Height 5 ft. 5 in., light brown hair, blue eyes. Scar on left cheek. Last heard of seven years ago, then working at St. Paul, U.S.A. Supposed to have learned the blacksmithing. Was reported to be in Montreal three years ago. He was foreman on the C.P.R., near Mattawa, Ont. His mother is anxious.

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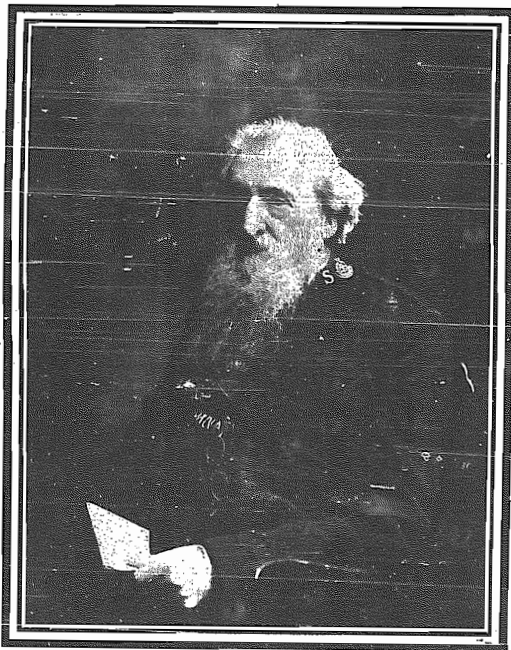
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